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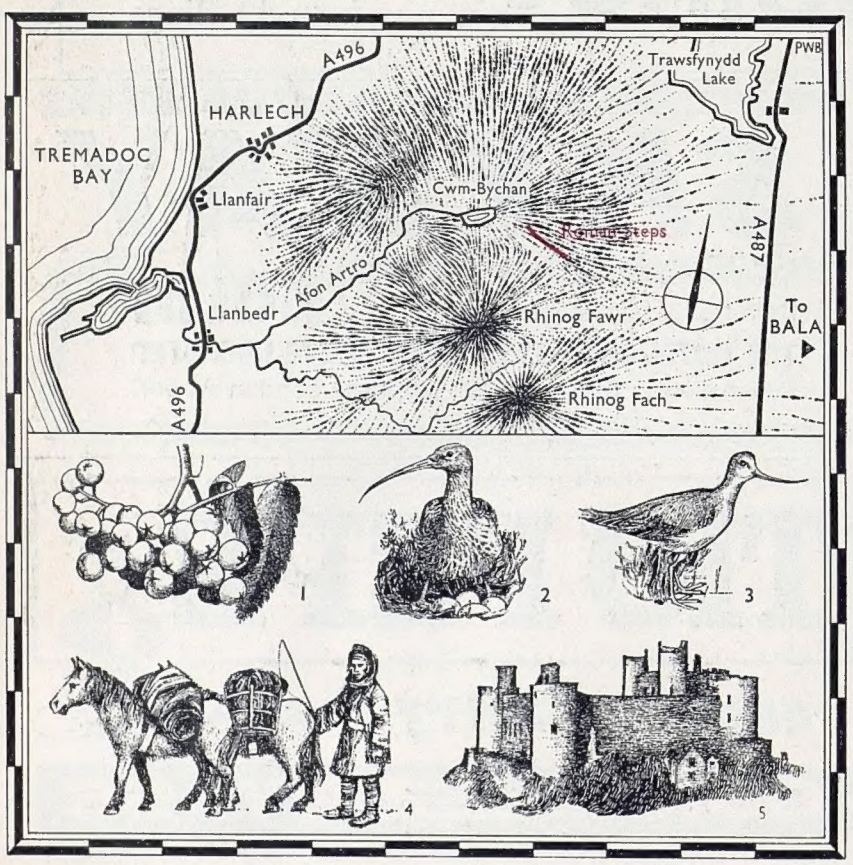
*painted by David Gentleman*

## THE ROMAN STEPS




The Roman Steps in Merionethshire, North Wales (reached from Llanbedr, up the valley of the Artro, and then past the very beautiful little lake of Cwm Bychan), are not Roman, but probably mediaeval—the best surviving example in Wales of 'horse steps' up a pass. Whatever their exact date, these great, richly massed slabs of stone form a causeway or paved way—in Welsh a *sarn*—lifting a trail for packhorses (4) over the Rhinogs, via the pass or gap called Bwlch Tyddiad (Rhinog Fawr rises above the Steps and then the pass to 2,362 ft.). This trail—through wet country of valley and crag, wild rose and foxglove and mountain ash (1), heather and bilberry, curlew (2) and sandpiper (3)—seems to have started at Harlech Castle (5), which guarded a small port in the 14th century. Beyond the Roman Steps and the Rhinogs, it apparently crossed the moorland (astride the modern A 487 between Dolgelley and Ffestiniog) to Bala, where several other early roads intersected.

Many of the ancient packhorse trails of Britain were paved in the same way over soft or difficult ground. In North Wales, there are remains of several other paved lengths of this kind—for instance, in the Nant Ffrancon Pass, below Telford's Holyhead Road (A 5); and at Fedw-Deg, south of Betws-y-Coed, above the road to Dolwyddelan (A 496).

*The complete series of the Shell guides to the* Roads of Britain *will be published in book form by Ebury Press in May 1964, and may be ordered from any bookseller at 10/6 net.*

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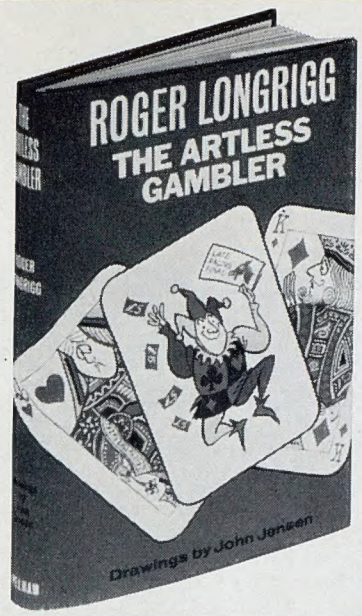


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Volume CCLVII. No. 3331 LONDON, April 4, 1964

# THE SPHERE

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President de Gaulle is welcomed with flowers during his visit to Guadeloupe. Although great enthusiasm was shown for him, there were reports that the French West Indian islands were asking for greater autonomy. The General was there after his successful trip to Mexico. (see also page 6)

## FLOWERS FOR DE GAULLE

# LOCAL DIFFICULTIES IN EUROPE

4 In this country we are almost always aware of inflationary pressures. If wages and prices increase faster than production, the inflationary spiral begins. Recently production expanded more quickly than had been expected, and the result was a threat of inflation from another quarter. Firms stocked up with raw materials for their expansion programmes, and the balance of payments was shockingly unbalanced in January. The February figures showed an improvement, but we can never be indifferent to this danger. We live dangerously by importing food and raw materials (which this crowded and under-endowed island cannot produce) and turning them into manufactures, of which a considerable percentage has to be exported on the world market to pay for our imports. We live by our skill, which is the margin (between imports and exports) of our standard of living.

We are only too familiar with all this, and it was one of the arguments for entering the European Economic Community. Our application was black-balled by General de Gaulle, and many people feared that we would fall behind in competition with the dynamic, expanding, integrated economy of the EEC. These fears have not so far been realised, and in the meantime the countries of the EEC (or Common Market) have themselves run into some difficulties.

Britain is endemically inflation-prone because of her reliance on exports to pay for imports. The six countries of the EEC, being much more self-supporting, should be immune to this kind of inflation, and in their magnificent reconstruction and recovery in the decade beginning about 1951 they achieved a startling rate of growth without inflation. But inflation is a ubiquitous evil which does not only depend on a balance of payments in world trade. It has other causes, and at present the six countries of the Common Market are all suffering from it, in one degree or another.

The primary cause in their case is full employment, or lack of a reserve of manpower to maintain industrial expansion. In the early days of the " economic miracle " on the Continent, there was a large reserve of manpower. In the German Federal Republic, which started the trend under the stimulus of the 1948 Currency Reform, there was a vast reserve of skilled, semi-skilled or trainable manpower which had been only partly employed—if at all—before the new factories went up.

When this showed signs of being absorbed, there was a stream of workers escaping from the Communist Sector of Germany, the building of the Berlin Wall in August, 1961. Even then, Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, Turks and others were eager to come in to work at, for them, high rates of pay.

The levelling-off has come only in the past couple of years. Italy, which for generations exported its unemployed, has undergone an impressive industrial expansion, and is now short of trained manpower. The only reserves left are Italians from the south, who need training before they can take up industrial jobs. The manpower shortage pushes up wages, costs and prices.

Five of the six countries of the EEC are suffering from inflation in greater or lesser degree. Italy, which has had the most remarkable expansion in the past three years, is suffering worst, because its economic basis is the least strong, and its industrial growth the most recent. France has been checking its inflation mainly by price controls, but these short term measures are beginning to burst at the seams. Belgium, Holland and even Luxembourg also have their inflationary problems.

The German Federal Republic has so far kept out of this spiral, and Dr Erhard recently expressed his hope not to " import inflation." He meant by this that Germany's EEC partners might take advantage of the freedom of trade within the Common Market area to off-load their goods on Germany, and so weaken the Federal Republic's competitive power in the world market. The present stability of the Federal economy will also be put to some strain by new wage negotiations soon.

Italy has suffered worst, partly because she made the most rapid progress in recent years, partly because government has been less stable. The present government of Signor Moro is a coalition between Christian Democrats, who are middle of the road, and socialists, some of whom are well to the left. Wage increases in recent years have created unprecedented purchasing power. The workers who are earning well want to spend their money, and they buy things which have to be imported—meat is one of them.

Because its prosperity is so recent, Italy has not caught up on its social services. It is difficult for a left-centre government not to spend more money on these, and equally difficult to stop workers earning good wages from buying high quality foods.

So we read news that is all too familiar: the Dutch Economics Minister has been running into trouble with the powerful Dutch Shopkeepers' Association, who are campaigning against his measure to abolish Resale Price Maintenance, as part of his drive to keep prices down. The Italian government has made itself unpopular by restricting hire purchase on cars and other goods. The French government has had to free some goods from its price controls in order to boost production. The West German government is trying to restrict the import of capital, and food prices, already high, are likely to increase further under the plan for co-ordinating Common Market agriculture. The EEC has set up a special commission to deal with inflation throughout the Common Market, as a matter of urgency.

Apart from the economic difficulties of the EEC countries, there are political tensions as the rather vaguely worded Treaty of Rome comes to be interpreted. There is also a good deal of resentment at the high-handed initiatives of President de Gaulle—not only his veto of Britain's membership of the Community. This emerges in almost all discussions of political issues. Germany and Italy are worried about the estrangement from Britain and, especially, America which has followed from the veto.

It is clear that the EEC is running through a bad patch. It would, however, be foolish to conclude that it has spent its force. The economic expansion of the EEC countries, unlike our own post-war development, was sudden. Once it was put under way (starting with the Marshall Plan) it grew rapidly and tapped all the resources left dormant in the areas under Hitler's control in the war and its aftermath. It outpaced our own expansion, but it was bound to level off. That is what is now happening.

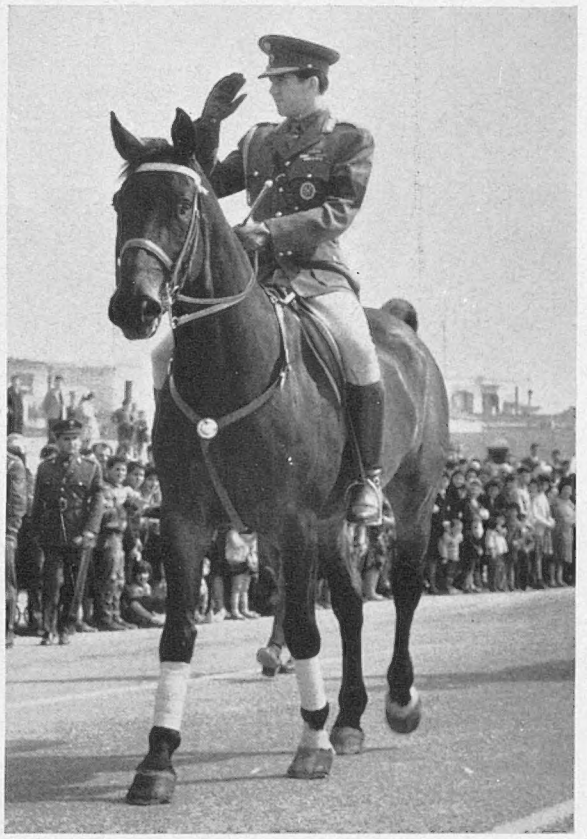
We are likely to have some advantage over the Common Market countries in our trading and economic development during, perhaps, the next year, and we should make the most of this opportunity. But we would be unwise to think we are comfortably in the lead and can slow down. Once the EEC has got through its present difficulties it will move into a new expansion. Its economic basis and its highly developed organisation mean that it will be a power in the world, despite temporary set-backs, for as far ahead as we can see. **George Gretton**

One of the sections in the Soviet Trade and Industrial Fair which is currently being held in Milan in Italy

# THE NEWS IN PICTURES

**A monarch decides to stay**
King Idris of Libya agreed last week to retain the crown of his country. Earlier he had announced his intention of abdicating for reasons of health

**Moslems in conclave**
President Nasser of the UAR shakes hands with delegates to the Islamic Congress in Cairo. It was discussing standardising Arabic teaching



**Afro-Asian solidarity talks**
Mr Ben Bella (right), the President of Algeria, delivers the opening speech at the Afro-Asian Solidarity Council in Algiers. With him is Mr M'hamed Yazid, who is the Information Minister in the Algerian government. The meeting opened last week

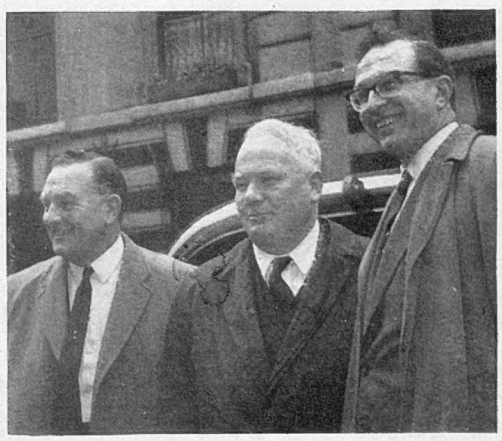
**Rehearsal for Greek occasion**
King Constantine of Greece rides to attend a rehearsal of the parade and march past in Athens to mark Greek National Day, the anniversary of the revolution against the Turks in 1821, as a result of which Greece became an independent state

# PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

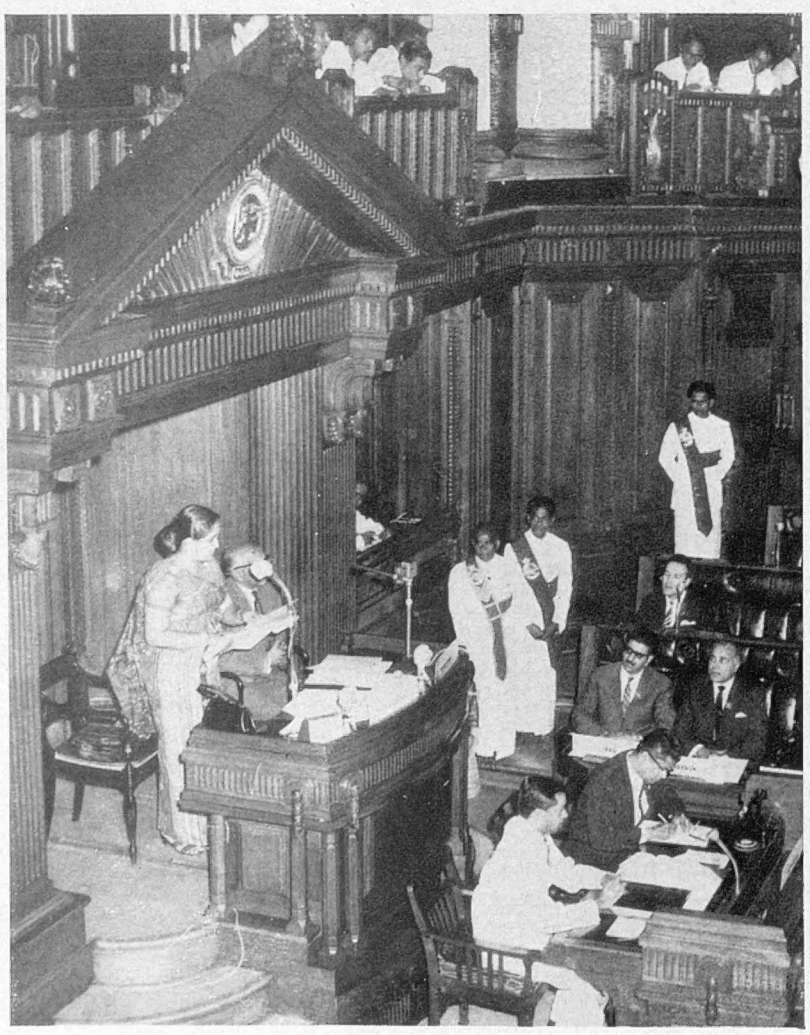
6

**Right:** Mr Sakari Tuomioja, the Finnish Ambassador in Stockholm and a former Finnish Prime Minister, was nominated last week by U Thant to be the UN mediator for Cyprus

**Centre:** Trade Union leaders in the electrical power industry dispute arrive for talks with the TUC in London. From left they are: Mr Tudor, Mr Crane and Mr Eccles



**Above:** At his country house near Moscow, Mr Khrushchev entertains Marshal Abdullah Sallal, the President of the Republic of Yemen, and some of his compatriots. In the centre of the back row is Mr Mikoyan, Soviet Deputy Premier and economics boss



**Right:** Mrs Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister of Ceylon and the world's sole woman Head of Government, speaks in the chamber of the House of Representatives in Colombo to the preparatory conference for a non-aligned Summit. Ambassadors from 24 neutral countries were present to decide when the Summit should take place

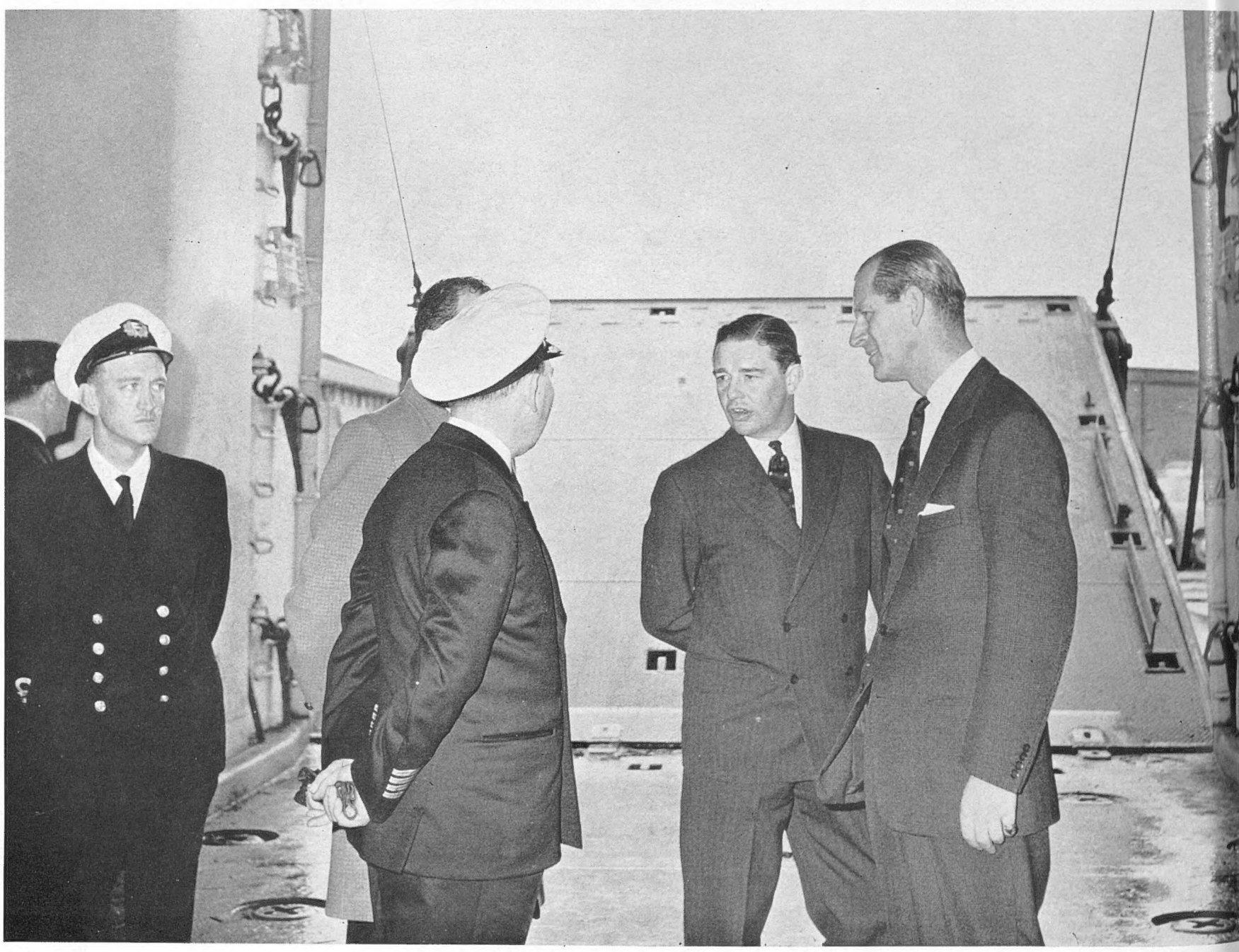
**Far right:** President de Gaulle acknowledges the cheers as he is driven through a town in Guadeloupe during his visit to the French West Indies. President de Gaulle is to tour South America during the autumn, and may go to Africa next year

*Further pictures of People in the News are on the following pages*

# PEOPLE IN THE NEWS *(continued from page 7)*

8 **Right:** The Amir of Kuwait, Shaikh Abdullah as-Salim as-Sabah, takes King Hussein of Jordan by the hand, during the King's three-day visit to the oil-rich Shaikhdom

**Far right:** The United Nations Secretary-General, U Thant (left), arrives at Geneva for the UN Conference on Trade and Development. With him is the Argentine economist, Dr Raul Prebisch, whose paper on world trade and economic development is being discussed by the delegates.
**Below:** At Tilbury, Essex, the Duke of Edinburgh visits the *Gaelic Ferry*, a new motor vessel for the Atlantic Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., on its Tilbury-Antwerp/Rotterdam service



**Above:** Mr Chou En-lai (left), the Prime Minister of China, is welcomed at the airport in Pekin on his return from his lengthy foreign tour. With him in front are Mr Liu Shao-chi, the Chinese President, and Mr Mao Tse-tung, the Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party. Five thousand people watched and cheered the Prime Minister's arrival. On his travels he had visited 13 countries in Asia, Africa and Albania. His purpose was to counter the influence of Soviet Communism and its doctrine of co-existence and win support for the Chinese view of world communism through violent revolution

**Left:** Mr Richard Nixon, the former Vice-President of the United States, talks with reporters in Rome. He was on his way to Asia on a business trip. Recently there has been increasing speculation about Mr Nixon's future. He was only defeated narrowly by Mr Kennedy in the last Presidential election, and there is considerable opinion among Republicans that he should be their candidate again to take on the politically very experienced Mr Johnson. Mr Nixon himself has not said whether he would stand

# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

10 **Who will show us any good?**

If we know of a better hole, we shall no doubt go to it next June (or October)—and change our Home. But where is there a hole in which to shelter from the blast? It gets more and more difficult to find brass tacks in the cackle of alternative governments. If Mr Wilson sees victory in the bag, he must already be anxiously weighing each item already packed in it. Will any of his theories implement the responsibility he looks forward to using? In a few months' time, if all goes well for him, he must try some of them out, and by trial and error discover how much was theory and how much practical. There can be no "magic-wand" conjuring. "Trial and error" is a slow process. O'er moor and stream, crag and torrent, Mr Grimond wanders like a will-o'-the-wisp, a light that grows ever more vague in the distance. There was never hope of salvation from him in time; and the hopes of salvation from Mr Wilson's bag of tricks look less promising as zero hour draws nearer. Theory is not brass tacks and contradictory theory cannot rough out even a blueprint. If this nation is to be born again, if it is to save its soul and its bacon, it almost looks as if the Liberal will-o'-the-wisp may burn bright as a guiding light and that party find the means to bear it aloft, before Labour's bag of tricks can expect to achieve the miracle. Meanwhile, be it never so humble, we have not yet left our Home or hole for a better one. Who will show us any good, until we have regained our sanity by our own efforts? Where is the alienist who will effect the cure? He does not exist. It's up to us to rediscover "a purpose in life" by sacrificing the bingo, the betting, the bowling, the Beatles and all the rest of the B's which Lord Boothby and I regard as over-valued.

**Parkinson's Army**

The Army, among the fighting services, is stretched to the limit of elasticity to fulfil its global functions, and recruitment lags behind its commitments. Not so the bureaucratic army of General Parkinson. It increases and finds recruitment no problem. It is sombre to realise that the bureaucratic army in part increases to cope with the affairs of the fighting army which does not increase. The largest increase in public expenditure (now six and a half thousand million) is on defence. But little less staggering are increases in grants to local authorities and expenditure on health and welfare, and these increases are pale shadows of further increases forecast in the next few years. Rising expenditure connotes more and more bureaucracy, more and more public-authority-domination and administration, more and more waste, only a part of it inevitable. There is certainly a case for looking into other expedients to "peg the cost of living;" to cut out extravagance on the less essential, to weed out the obsolete, and in the name of sanity to look again at the Health and Welfare services and their financing. We are living far beyond our means and show no signs of accepting the naked truth. Idealism and realism are ill-bedfellows when bankruptcy waits round the corner. Even a Tory Chancellor has at last abandoned the boast and fiction that his party has "pegged the cost of living"—a fiction which every householder, housewife and taxpayer rejected with contempt years ago; a fiction which no alternative government would today dare to promise even as an election bait.

**Victims of bureaucracy**

To judge by letters I have received, there is still a not negligible number of victims of bureaucracy who have been diddled or mismanaged out of their old age pension. But no minority is formidable if it is not clamant, and I suppose I and my fellow victims who are denied what is absurdly called an "old-age" pension on the score of being too old to qualify, are indeed too old to combine in a protest to the Chancellor. But we might individually (and clamantly) resolve to refuse to vote for any party which does not before the General Election guarantee to right this glaring wrong and absurdity. It wouldn't cost much on an umpteen thousand million budget to make that concession to the few surviving stragglers from the 1880's, who grow daily beautifully less; and I offer it as a talking point on the hustings to smart Alec, shrewd Harold and handsome Jo. The threat would insure at least a few votes to the first party-leader who makes the guarantee, and he could hardly find a less costly platform promise. If any of the rival party Dons Carlos seek the means to secure "friends in all the aged," he should speak as fair to us betrayed Donnas Louisa as in *The Duenna*.

**Simcox's reprieves**

Home Secretaries have no more hateful responsibility than in deciding whether or no to recommend reprieve for a man sentenced to death. In the case of Simcox, every sane man must demand that never again must he be released from prison until it is physically impossible for him to add to his murders. For my part, I approve the Home Secretary's decision, for the reason that I uphold the death sentence in extreme cases. Had Simcox been carried in a wheeled chair or on a stretcher to the platform, I fancy that the minority which today seeks to abolish hanging *in toto*, would have increased to a majority. It may be that the Home Secretary had that in mind in recommending a reprieve. The logical consequence of his decision requires him to seek more effective means of protecting society from the risks involved when reprieved murderers are released on licence as a result of good behaviour or favourable medical reports. Such guarantees have in the past been accepted too soon with hideous results.

**"Out of his own mouth"**

"Supplementaries" are often dangerous at question time, and perhaps Mr Abse weakened his case when he deplored the rough treatment given to *Fanny Hill*, that elegant 18th century book, by the DPP; when, to reinforce his argument, he asked about the fate of the five copies in the House library which "*scores of members were waiting to obtain.*" The italics (as they say) are mine. MPs no doubt are men of taste with wide interests and a fine

**Above:** The marshalling area near the start of the Head of the River race at Barnes on the Thames in London. The crews in midstream are rowing the course. In a highest-ever entry of 304, Tideway Scullers were head in a record time of 17 mins. 24 secs. Altogether no less than 50 crews beat the old record of 18 mins. 27 secs.

love of learning, but I cannot visualise "scores of them" queueing up for the chance of appreciating the literary beauties of *Fanny Hill*, expurgated or no. I see in their zeal—if such there be—a less worthy curiosity, a *nostalgie de la boue*. They could get a taste of 18th century elegance from other shelves in the library, from Burke or Sheridan, for example, sometime Members of that Honourable House. Cleland was heartily ashamed of his own "elegance."

**Try cricket**

It will take a long time to teach senators wisdom or Russians to study Wisden. Still, if it be a long-term prospect, the news that some Australian cricketers are off to Russia to teach the Communists how to play cricket, is heartening. The Australians, soon to arrive here for the Tests, admire the West Indian type of brighter cricket and mean to practise it and no doubt the "Sydney old collegians" will work to that end in Russia. It will be long before every Russian village has its cricket ground and very long before the nation can hope to turn out Hobbskis and Comptonovs. But the dimmest of light at the end of the longest tunnel is comforting. *The Old Stager*

**Above:** Mr John Hutton works in his London studio on "Titania," one of the 19 engraved glass panels he has been commissioned to execute for the Shakespeare Centre, now being built at Stratford-upon-Avon to mark the 400th anniversary of the poet's birth. Panels in background show Lear and Cordelia (on the left), and Hamlet and Ophelia

**Left:** "Composition With Trawlers" is the title of this painting by Chester Williams in the exhibition of his work (open April 7 to 30) at the Drian Galleries in west London. Forty-three semi-abstractions based on the sea, harbours, estuaries, beaches and underwater themes are being shown. Mr Williams is an American who has lived in London for some years

**Left:** Mr F. J. Monkhouse, Chairman of the Corporation of London's Spitalfields Market Committee, cuts the tape to open a new lorry park at the rear of the London Fruit Exchange

**Far left:** A Cape Class power ketch sailing in Chichester Harbour. The vessel has been designed by W. F. Rayner of Poole, Dorset, in response to the demand for an ideal cruiser for a family of five or six. She is powered by a Perkins 4/107 diesel engine

# NATIONAL ANTHEM OF DANCE

12

The Ballet Folklorico of Mexico was due to open in *Mexican Fiesta* at the Drury Lane Theatre in London at the beginning of this week. It is having a five week season followed by a limited provincial tour. Under the artistic direction of its founder, Amalia Hernandez, the Folklorico is the official ballet company of Mexico and under the patronage of the President of Mexico. Its performances have been described as a sort of Mexican National Anthem of the dance, a whirlwind of beauty, colour and music. The company has come from a season in New York.

**Above:** From the left the members of the Conjunto Larocho Veracrucian Quartet in *Mexican Fiesta* are: Raul Rosas; Rafael Rosas; Rene Rosas and Carlos Barrados

**Top:** "The Quetzal Birds of Puebla" is a dance in which the performers wear enormous feather head-dresses to impersonate the sacred birds

**Right:** The ancient gods and the creation of the universe is the theme of "The Aztec World" dance

**Above:** A part of the dance in "The Wedding in Tehuantepec on the Isthmus"

**Top:** "Los Tarascos" is the arrangement of a birth-to-death chronicle of the life of the Tarascan Indian

**Far left:** The ballet "The Aztec World" is derived from written and pictorial sources of pre-Hispanic civilisation

**Left:** Isabel Salcedo in the Rattle Dance in "The Traditional Dances of Michoacan"

*The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "*

# THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

14 **TRINIDAD**

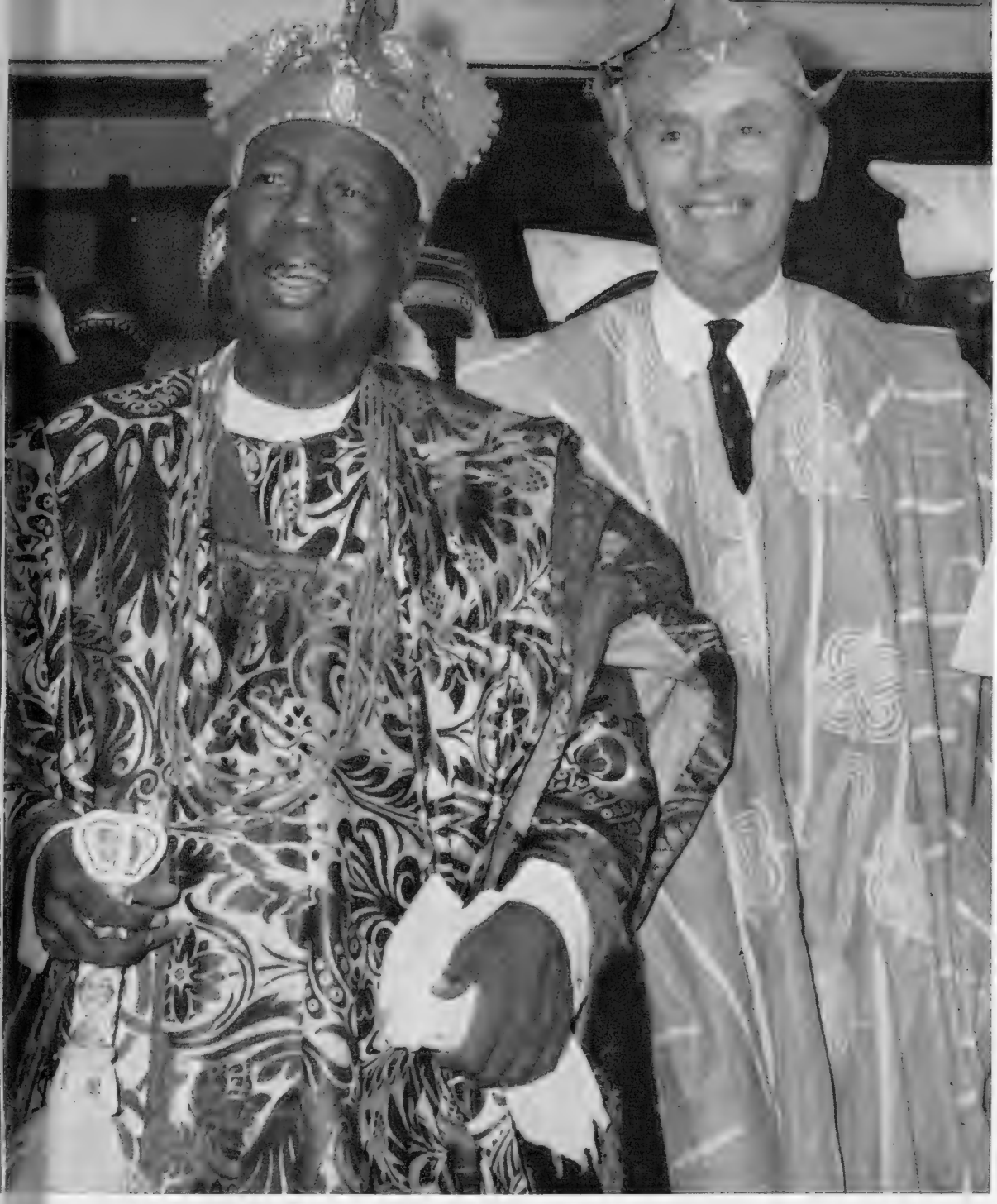
**Oil from under the sea**

The 13th multi-well off-shore oil drilling platform to be constructed in the Soldado oilfield off the coast of Trinidad was recently completed. The field is now producing one-third of the island's total output of 7 million metric tons of oil annually. The field was discovered ten years ago and extends beneath some 25,000 acres of the Gulf of Paria which lies between Trinidad and Venezuela. It is part of the marine concession of approximately 230,000 acres operated by Trinmar Ltd. on behalf of BP (Trinidad) Ltd., Shell Trinidad Ltd. and Texaco Trinidad, Inc., who are equal partners in the venture. Messrs George Wimpey and Co., of London, undertook the construction of the platforms, the marine base and other work for the oilfield.

From some of the multi-well platforms 18 directional wells can be drilled, to depths ranging from 5,000 to 8,000 ft. Some 50 single-well platforms have also been constructed to support free-standing oil wells drilled by mobile barges.

A marine base to service the oilfield was built at Point Fortin. One hundred and eighty thousand tons of a local soft rock called porcellanite was tipped to form breakwaters to enclose a harbour area of 30 acres. The seaward faces of the breakwaters were treated with sand and bitumen which were poured hot to give protection. Nine acres of land were reclaimed from the sea and a quay-front 600 ft. long was established.

**Above:** Welding extensions to the 3 ft.-diameter piles used in the construction of an off-shore drilling platform on the Soldado oilfield, Trinidad.
**Top:** The marine base at Point Fortin. The harbour caters for all the activities of the oilfield now supplying one third of Trinidad's annual oil production
**Right:** Mr Sandys, the Commonwealth Secretary, talks in London with Dr Eric Williams, the Prime Minister of Trinidad. The latter was in London on his way home from a trip round the Commonwealth



**Above:** At the Great Eastern Hotel, in London, Sir Donald Anderson, Chairman of P & O, makes a speech of welcome to six young Australian farmers, who were winners in the P & O Canberra Award scheme. From left to right they are John Straker (South Australia), Trevor Thomas (Victoria), Gerald Fisher (Tasmania), William Young (Queensland), Rodney Holmes (New South Wales) and Trevor Sutherland (Western Australia). The award scheme began in 1959 **Left:** Sir Alec Home wears traditional Nigerian dress as he listens to the Oba Adele of Lagos. The British Prime Minister's three-day visit there last week was for talks with Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, the Federal Prime Minister

**Above:** The new Chairman of the Commonwealth Economic Committee, Sir Edwin McCarthy, who recently retired as the Australian Ambassador to the European Economic Community. He succeeds the late Mr Ikramullah in the chair

**Left:** Kenyans charge a recruiting office at Kiambu outside Nairobi. Following the mutinies last January, a recruiting drive has been started to find replacements for the soldiers dismissed as a result of disciplinary action

**Above:** In Cockatoo Harbour in Sydney, Australia, the new liner *Empress of Tasmania* (right foreground) is being fitted out. In background in drydock is the aircraft carrier *Melbourne* being repaired from last month's collision with *Voyager*

# GUERRILLAS AGAINST KENYA

**Above and far right:** The fort at El Wark, on the Kenya-Somalia border, where the Kenya Rifles have been mounting an offensive against Somali shiftas

**Right:** Mr Joseph Murumbi, the Minister of State responsible for North Eastern Region affairs

One of the problems currently facing the Kenya government is the growing activity of armed Somali shiftas or guerrilla tribesmen in the border territory of the North Eastern Region. This area has always been subject to terrorism by nomadic tribesmen wandering to and fro over the unmarked border between the Somali Republic and Kenya. But since Kenya achieved independence in December last year, Somalia has intensified its claim to about 60,000 square miles of the NER, and in February it was reported for the first time that the armed bands were operating in company strength.

The territory affected extends far beyond what was the North Frontier District into the Coastal Region to the south of Somalia. The Somali shiftas have been able to infiltrate deep into Kenyan territory disguised as herdsmen. The wildness of the countryside gives them a natural advantage over regular troops and, what is more, they have been assisted by tribesmen of the same ethnic *continued on page 18*

**Above:** Outside the fort at El Wark, the Parliamentary Secretary for Defence, Dr Waiyaki, speaks to men of the Kenya Rifles. The men were taking part in operation "Final Fling" to round up marauding Somali shiftas in the NER before the rainy season when roads would be made impassable to army trucks

**Left:** Most water courses in the North Eastern Region flow only during the rains. The Uaso Nyiro runs north from the Eastern Region, but never reaches the sea. It disappears into the Lorian swamp in the NER

**Far left:** The Northern Frontier District was made part of the NER when Kenya achieved independence last year. It contains some vast stretches of extremely rugged terrain, and is today the area where Somali shifta bands are most active

# GUERRILLAS AGAINST KENYA

*continued from page 17*

18 group. It was because there were so many Somali sympathisers in the NER that the elections held throughout Kenya in May last year were boycotted in this region and government officers visiting it were violently repulsed. After a shifta attack on a police post at Mansabubu on December 25, a State of Emergency was declared in the NER.

In the three months since Independence, the Nairobi government has paid particular attention to the problems of the NER. A Minister of State, Mr Joseph Murumbi, has been given special responsibility for it. The result is that it has now been possible to hold elections in the NER for both the National and the Regional Assemblies. Three of the members returned unopposed by NER constituencies took their seats expecting to support the secession of their region to Somalia, but have recently revised their views and affirmed their loyalty to Mr Kenyatta's government.

The military offensive against Somali incursions also shows some sign of success, though more because of the increased efforts by Kenya's security forces than any slackening in shifta activity. Mr Murumbi has taken steps to see that Kenyan fire power in the NER matches that of the raiders. Following the military agreement reached by Mr Duncan Sandys during his visit to East Africa last month, British officers are likely to be increasingly involved in the NER border conflict. Exactly how much fighting there will be there depends on Somalia. Russia is providing military aid to Somalia and when the full weight of this begins to swell the territorial ambitions of the rulers in Mogadishu, the border clashes with Kenya may grow to be as extensive as they have been between Somalia and Ethiopia.

**Above:** An elephant feeds off an acacia tree among thick scrub in the vast expanse of wild countryside in the NER

**Right:** Boran tribesmen at a waterhole at Garba Tulla in the North Eastern Region of Kenya. The Boran tribe is one of the members of the Galla group of tribes and is the second largest of the tribal groups in what was the Northern Frontier District

# SWEDISH SUN AND SAND BY SYLVIE NICKELS

It is hard to understand why certain misconceptions persist. The one concerning the Scandinavian climate, for example, is particularly tenacious. I once held it myself, but by now have enjoyed too many brilliant summers there to shrug them off as mere good luck.

Early last June, picnicking on a rock skerry off the west coast of Sweden, the thought occurred to me again. We had come by motor yacht to the skerry, nosing between isles and islets, from the resort of Lysekil. On the way we had called in at one of the many island fishing villages—the kind where you never see a car and where a row of old men dozed and gossiped in the sun by the harbour wall. It was all unutterably peaceful—and very warm.

The Swedish west coast is a good place to first test any doubts about the Scandinavian weather. It could hardly be easier to reach, with Finnair providing four direct day flights weekly from London to Gothenburg throughout the year (also BEA night flights in summer). By sea it is a 36-hour crossing from Tilbury by Swedish Lloyd. Once there you have the choice of two completely different types of coast: north of Gothenburg, rock bathing from the islands, headlands and thousands of skerries; south of Gothenburg, the wide bays and sandy beaches.

The archipelago centres north of Gothenburg lie mostly some distance off the main road which links the city to Oslo, about 200 miles to the north. There is an excellent leaflet in English describing this "Sunshine Highway" and pinpointing places of interest on the way, which is another good reason for having the use of a private car. Nor is this any problem. If you are a party of four, Swedish Lloyd will take yours over for nothing. Alternatively, both Finnair and BEA car hire schemes are available in Gothenburg.

Like all main roads, however, the Gothenburg-Oslo highway is designed for people in a hurry. For the holidaymaker its main purpose is to serve as a link between several coastal detours. Lysekil provides a destination on one of these detours by means of the beautiful archipelago route, for which you bear right just before Stenungsund to cross the great Tjörn bridges over island stepping stones.

Lysekil, about 60 miles north of Gothenburg (though much longer by rail), is the prettiest of places, its narrow lanes winding through the old district of wooden houses, its wide harbour basking between bastions of granite. A good first-class hotel, the Lysekil, overlooks the harbour, with dancing every evening in summer. There is an underwater swimming and aqualung school; fishing trips are arranged, but non-anglers can be dropped off on shore anywhere they wish on the way for a day's lazing. Or they can hire a boat and row themselves out to any one of a hundred rock skerries where they are likely to be and remain the sole occupants.

Other centres with similar facilities north of Gothenburg are the fashionable sailing centre of Marstrand, and Strömstad, not far from the Norwegian frontier, both with good hotels and a touch of sophistication. But this is not primarily a sophisticated coast. Accommodation in private houses is well organised to cater for families and individuals who prefer the quieter life, though—as in the case of Lysekil—this can be combined with meals at the main hotel and the use of its facilities. Highly organised too, are the facilities for renting summer cottages, a form of retreat in which the Swedes—and indeed most Scandinavians—were well versed long before the villa vogue came into being in Britain. Many of these cottages are really delightful, offering every comfort in a style that remains in keeping with the surroundings. Prices range from about £6 a week for the simple to £18 a week for the extremely comfortable, and bookings can be made through local tourist bureaux who retain lists of those available and also control their standard.

At times, especially south of Gothenburg, the summer cottage has regrettably multiplied into ugly rashes of bungalow estates. Fortunately, there are plenty of places where these can be avoided, and space for everyone on the miles of sandy beaches in this area. Just before Varberg, 50 miles south of Gothenburg, you pass the last of the skerries—the last before Yugoslavia, as they were described to me, and I could certainly think of no others to dispute the claim—and from then on it is sand most of the way.

Pleasant rural scenery backs this coast, with here and there a small town firmly retaining its individuality, and linked to Gothenburg by rail. Falkenberg, 67 miles south of Gothenburg, is one of these, the pleasant town centre lying a little back from the huge stretch of beach which is dominated by the modern Strandbaden Hotel. In town, the Grand Hotel looks peacefully out over the Ätran River (excellent salmon fishing), and its lovely 18th-century bridge. There is a nine-hole golf course on the outskirts of the town.

By following the minor coastal roads south of Falkenberg to Halmstad you come to Ugglarp and the curiosity of a well-stocked veteran car museum in the most rural surroundings, owned privately by a professional magician and his musical wife. Halmstad is the provincial capital, and the famous beach centre of Tylösand lies about six miles from it. The sands, and the dunes behind them, roll on for miles here and it is small wonder that people come in their thousands. But the beach is big enough for everyone and projected new hotels should help to ease accommodation which, though excellent in the modern Swedish style, is limited. Dancing, concerts, a beautiful 18-hole golf course, and the ever-present sea provide all the necessary ingredients for a stay-put holiday. You can even have a mild flutter at the hotel's gambling tables (also at Falkenberg); as elsewhere in Sweden, winnings take the form of meals or refreshments or even part payment of your hotel bill, and this seems a most sensible idea.

Halmstad itself is a pleasant town, with historic buildings and quiet old streets in the background. At least one evening should be

**Above:** The 17th-century fortress of Marstrand on the west coast of Sweden. This seaside resort is much used as a centre for excursions from Gothenberg
**Above left:** A long sweep of sand dunes on the Swedish coast
**Left:** A view of Lysekil, a small Swedish coastal town

reserved for the Norre Kavaljeren restaurant whose 17th-century origins provide a setting for some interesting examples of Swedish modern art and sculpture, as well as fine fare and a convivial atmosphere for dining and dancing.

A final suggestion, Hemmeslövs Gård, lies south of Halmstad in perhaps the most charming setting of all: a family hotel in a converted mansion, with beautiful grounds, two miles from Båstad railway station. The beach is a mile or so away, but there is a heated swimming pool (an increasingly popular facility in Swedish west coast resorts to extend the bathing season), tennis, miniature golf and, five miles distant, an 18-hole golf course.

It is worth remembering that for such facilities as boat excursions, midsummer is the magic day when most things begin in Sweden. Even some beach hotels are not fully open until early or mid-June. But then midsummer madness is a term which takes on some meaning in Sweden, and no one who attends the hilarious celebrations on the weekend preceding June 24 is likely to forget them in a hurry.

*For further information:* Swedish Travel Association, 52-53 Conduit Street, London, W.1.
*Means of access:* London-Gothenburg, by Finnair or BEA, £32 11s night tourist excursion, £49 12s ordinary day tourist return, £69 15s 1st-class return. Tilbury-Gothenburg, by Swedish Lloyd, from £25 tourist class, from £37 1st-class return, meals included.

# DAY TRIP LONDON–GHANA–LONDON

22 Somebody has managed to get a nearly full glass of beer to stand on the back of the seat and across the rim of the glass lies his ballpoint pen . . . " steady as a rock ! " he says with satisfaction and we are all full of admiration. The admiration is deserved, for we are about 36,000 feet up, over the blue Mediterranean somewhere between Majorca and Algiers. There is no feeling of any sort of mechanical vibration, in fact no impression of moving at speed, only a slightly soporific sensation of gentle floating in mid air, and the suggestion of noise is no more than the distant hum of somebody's vacuum cleaner next door.

This is the VC10 G-ARVF in the spacious cabin of which I spent nearly a whole day recently, relaxed and cosseted by the BOAC cabin service. During that day we covered well over 6,000 miles between London and tropical Africa, flying in the best conditions for air travellers in this day and age.

I was making the flight during the long series of proving trials of the VC10. We left London Airport at 8 a.m. After a smooth take-off, which seemed to me quite the shortest ever experienced in a big jet, we left the ground at 0810 hours. Our climb was rapid until we emerged from the thick layer of cloud into the bright sunshine. Next, breakfast was served as soon as we had levelled out.

Apart from the invited guests like myself we had a number of boffins on board who were engaged in the mysterious tasks of their calling. Up " in front " where eventually there is to be a cosy little bar-lounge, there was a large complex of instruments to which two of these people were permanently glued, except for brief intervals when one of them rushed off with a sheet-full of data to another boffin in the rear. This one was busy making graphs, with the information fed to him. We had other sorts of top brass on board too: at least two captains, one of them A. S. M. Rendall, who is flight manager of all the VC10 fleet, three flight engineers, a number of navigators, and, of course, a full complement of cabin staff, stewards and stewardesses. As I said, this was one of a long series of such flights which are not only necessary for crew training but are essential for various reasons, including the showing of the flag in the various far corners of the world where the VC10 is to work on regular service later. It is also a requirement to clock up a minimum of 1,000 flying hours by one aircraft of the fleet before the Air Registration Board will grant full certification allowing the VC10s to go into passenger service. So this imposing giant has been seen in many places recently between the near-Arctic route to Canada and the Equator.

After lunch, during which we passed over Toulouse, then Barcelona, the cloud began to thin out, and we enjoyed the sight of the North African coast at Algiers, and had a good view of the Sahara. When we touched down at Accra the time was 1430 hours and the temperature 85 deg. Fah. After servicing we were airborne again at 1545 hours on our return, bound for Kano, reached at 1720 (GMT). Because of airport duties required for another airliner we had to wait our turn on the tarmac, and had an unexpected extension of our stay to nearly two hours. During this time night fell and our mighty bird was got ready in the light of powerful floodlights. Here, the temperature was 95 deg. Fah., even after dark.

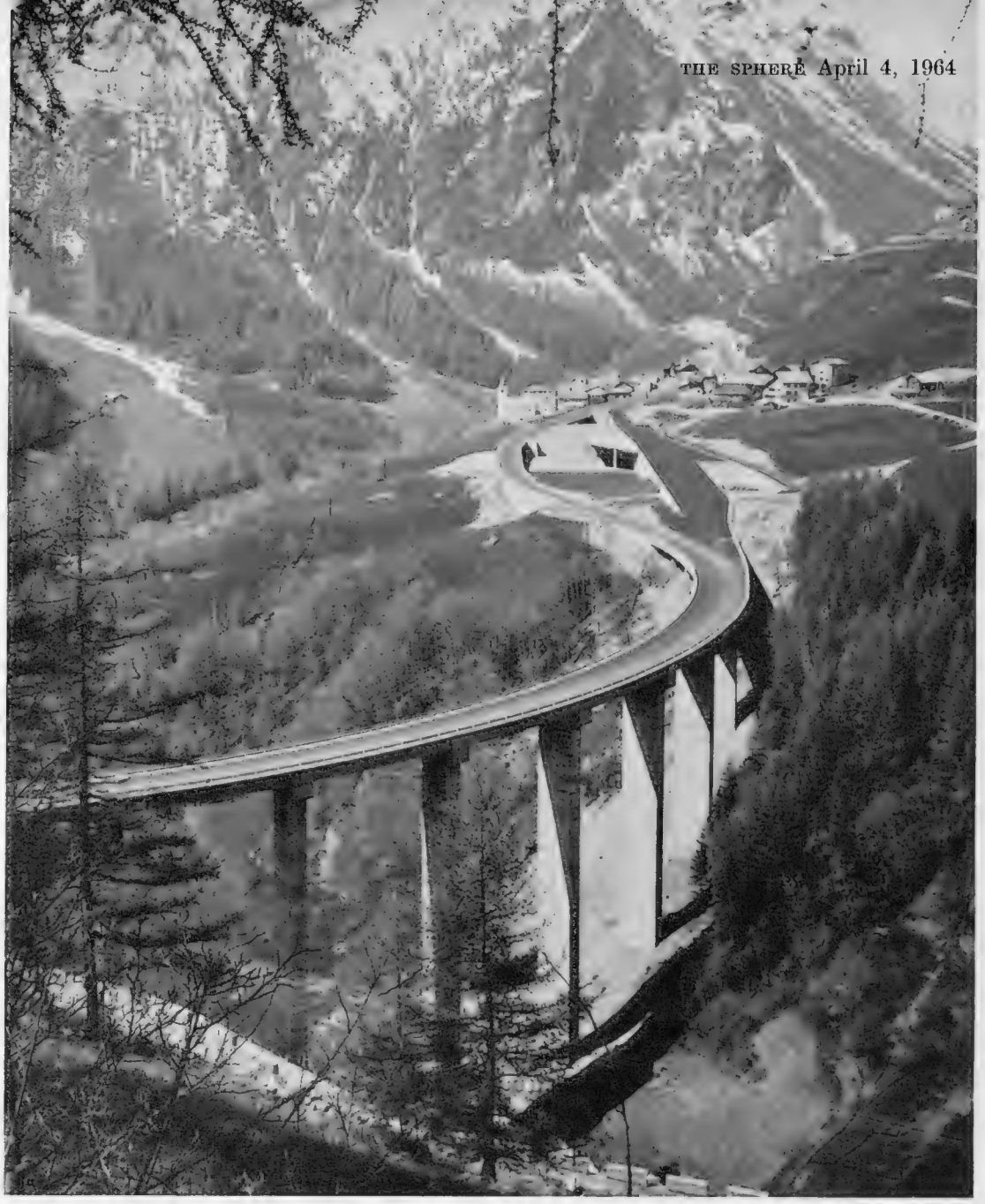
We should have been back in London before midnight, but this delay meant that we were half-an-hour into the next day when we made our last, equally smooth landing. The first regular service of the VC10 is to be from London to Lagos on April 29. **G.D.**

**Above:** The VC10, Europe's largest jet transport and the first rear-engined long-haul airliner in the world
**Right:** Some of the members of the crew on the flight deck of the airliner
**Below left:** On the tarmac at Kano in Northern Nigeria during a proving flight to West Africa
**Below right:** The tail is one of the distinguishing features of the VC10. Here G-ARVF's tail is photographed at the airport at Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia

**Above:** Silhouette of the VC10 at Kano. Produced in the factories of the British Aircraft Corporation, it has four Rolls-Royce Conway by-pass jet engines. It was developed by the design team responsible for such aircraft as the Vickers Viscount, Vanguard and Valiant. The VC10 has the ability to fly over long ranges with large payloads when operating out of and into comparatively short runways at hot, high-altitude airports
**Left:** Beirut in Lebanon is one of the airports to which the aircraft has been flying on its trials
**Below:** Night scene at Toronto with the airliner being serviced. Other VC10s are on crew training at Shannon, Ireland

# SPEEDING THE TRAVELLERS

24 The Great St. Bernard Road Tunnel, recently opened, is a great boon to travellers between Switzerland and Italy. Linking Martigny in Switzerland with Aosta in Italy, the tunnel, together with its approach roads, cuts about 65 miles off the long arduous road journey over the pass that motorists had to make. It takes about six minutes to drive through the tunnel itself (below) 3·6 miles long under 1,600 feet of Alpine rock. The work was completed after six years. The approach roads (right) iron out the worst of the sharp hairpin bends, swinging over valleys on vast concrete piers. At the opening on March 18, a fleet of British cars (bottom) went through with police escort, led by a Hillman Imp. Lots were drawn to decide the leader.



BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD



# A CLOCK IN TIME

My interest in clocks must have started, as a very small boy, with my father's " timepieces." I do not know if that is the correct name for these instruments. At any rate, they were not watches in the modern sense; for they were wound up with little keys which you inserted into a hole at the back. My father had two: a gold one, which had the hole at the back covered with a little door which you pushed to one side to insert the key, and a massive silver one, which just had a hole. The gold one, which had a thin gold chain to match, was used on Sundays and special occasions. The silver one was the workaday one, and was carried in the waistcoat pocket without chain or strap. I remember these timepieces—actually I still have both of them, though I have lost the keys—because everyone else I knew had an ordinary watch, and it seemed right to me that my father should be different. In fact, I am sure that my father did not use these old timepieces for effect—he was the least affected of men—I think he probably used them because they had belonged to my grandfather; but certainly because they worked. My father was not one to throw aside something that worked just because it was old or unfashionable.

I do not know if they kept accurate time: I rather doubt it. Time was not, in our household, regarded as of great importance. So far as I can remember, the only clock in the house that ticked was the one on the kitchen wall; and that was always kept fast, about half-an-hour fast by the church clock, so that, if we had to go anywhere, we would be likely to be not too terribly late. But, of course, the women all knew that they had half-an-hour to spare, so we always were. I wish I had that kitchen clock now. It was, I feel sure, only a cheap clock: just a face and weights, no glass, no case. But in the four corners of the face were little coloured pictures of the Welsh scene: I can remember Cader Idris in one and St. David's in another. In the hall stood a grandfather clock, the case as black as ebony and lavishly carved, which was supposed to tell you not only the time but also the date. It did not, because no one ever remembered to wind it up. I used to wind it up in the holidays, but always when I got back from school it had stopped. Even as a small boy that irritated me immensely. Born into a family with no sense of time, I was born with—or, perhaps, developed out of sheer cussedness—an acute sense of time. I am a painfully punctual person. I like things on the dot.

And I like clocks. I have clocks everywhere, for I think that a room without a clock is unfurnished. Most of them, if nothing very special (some were picked up at country auctions) are elderly—a mahogany table clock by Moss which must date to about 1800, a French one and an Italian one of rather later date, a grandfather by a little-known, but excellent, provincial clock-maker of the mid-19th century, and so on—but they all go. That is: they all go when they feel like it and for someone who understands them.



The fascinating thing about elderly clocks is that they have personalities. They are individuals, with as many idiosyncrasies as elderly people. It has taken me years to discover this. For years I have been paying experts handsomely to put this or that right, usually with but temporary success, when, as I now realise, all that was needed was a little understanding. Consider the case of the mahogany table clock. For some 30 years this kept very reasonable time, gaining no more than a couple of minutes a week. It did not approve when I moved three years ago. It registered disapproval by gaining 20 minutes one week, losing ten another, often stopping altogether. No one could do anything about it; and it cost me quite a lot of money to find that out. Since it was so unreliable, I put it in a spare bedroom and at once it settled down. Pleased about this, I moved it again and at once it protested. It is happy only in that spare bedroom (other rooms have been tried) and I do not understand why, for the temperature throughout the house is the same and there are no odd levels or anything like that. It is a pity really, for it is a beautiful clock and that room is but little used. And then the grandfather: the grandfather, I have discovered, like so many elderly humans, does not like an east wind. My previous house was sheltered from the east, and in that house it kept excellent time, was most reliable. This house is not so sheltered, and whenever we have an east wind the grandfather protests by stopping. No east wind, and it keeps going; a little too fast perhaps, but going. And so with all the other elderly clocks: each, moved to a new home, developed a fad. It has taken a long time, but I know all their fads now and have them all going, all ticking away merrily. The only trouble is that I cannot get them to agree about the time.

This does not matter to me because I can make the necessary mathematical adjustment for each clock and, indeed, do so automatically. I know that when this one says 20 past it really means 18 past, and so on. But it did not take me long to find that the lack of agreement between, say, hall and dining-room was likely to be turned to my disadvantage by the family. I thought that an electric clock would put an end to that. But I soon found that electric clocks are subject to strange diseases like " shedding the load," and that they cannot really be relied upon at " peak " times. So now, on the kitchen wall, I have a modern battery-driven German clock. It is a soulless thing. But, as one would expect, a model of Teutonic efficiency; precise to the second.

It has made not the slightest difference. The females in my family are firm believers in James Walker's dictum: " If you're there before it's over, you're on time." There is no point in being punctual all on your own. Defeated, I am finding life much easier.

This clock-face on a barn wall at Penshurst, Kent, is reputed to have once graced the tower of the local church

# A THOUSAND ROSE BUSHES

26 **Thank You for Having Me** by C. A. Lejeune: Hutchinson. 25s, an autobiography, contains a wealth of good lines, but among them one sentence which is unexpected and wholly charming. "Of the few things I know really well," writes the author, who has been this country's most celebrated film critic, "including films, opera and detective stories, I think I know roses best." At the moment Miss Lejeune has about a thousand rose bushes in her garden, and the book describes some of the steps towards a place of such beauty from her cosy family beginnings in Manchester. There are stories galore in these pages: about Korda, Hitchcock, Olivier and the great of the cinema, and one of the most striking things about the narrative is the indisputable fact that Miss Lejeune counted her real friends among these figures—and counts them still. She was inimitable as a film critic until she decided to retire two or three years ago. Now she has proved herself again as a writer of great humanity and charm. And, by the way, I agree with every good word she has written about M René Clair.

**The Fabulous Mrs V** by H. E. Bates: Michael Joseph. 16s, is a collection of 12 short stories by a master who, at his best, equals Chekhov and who seems to be incapable of writing a shop-worn phrase. The title story belongs to the '20's and to a comfortable Midlands life of tennis parties and garden suppers. It nevertheless has great poignance and a recaptured atmosphere of youthful bravado and youthful pathos. It is just one of the treasures in this richly varied book; a volume in which there is high humour, sadness and, always, an exquisite recording of the seasons and the natural world.

**People in the House** by Diana Raymond: Cassell. 18s, once and for all establishes this author in her right place among English novelists, as an immensely perceptive, sensitive yet robust chronicler of some of the more familiar aspects of our island story. In the present book Mrs Raymond has written about a family and their friends living near a Cheltenham-like town and involved either with their separate loves, with the doings of a big local school for girls or, more generally, with each other. The book has great warmth, humour and more than a suggestion of continuity.

**A Fair Day's Work** by Nicholas Monsarrat: Cassell. 13s 6d, may be briefer than some of this writer's work, but it packs a great deal into its span and more drama than many of those great sagas, so well described by one American as "thumb-achers." The setting is a transatlantic liner about to sail from Liverpool and held up by a strike in which a single discontented and permanently resentful steward is the key figure. Passengers indirectly, the crew, the captain and even the chairman of the line directly are concerned in the squabble which threatens to become a full dress crisis, and Mr Monsarrat handles all these characters with the expertise and economy of phrase which we have learned to expect. Good stuff and food for the thoughtful.

**The Old Boys** by William Trevor: Bodley Head. 18s, deals with a group of men between the ages of 70 and 75, who are in fact all past members of the same school and who, in their advanced years, form a kind of association "to discuss this and that." One of their rules is that all members serving on the committee should have been at school together. As Mr Trevor pursues their story, this proves sometimes to be a fairly dangerous, even lethal proviso. A new author and an entertaining new style of considerable freshness.

**Honour's Mimic** by Charmian Clift: Hutchinson. 21s, a second novel, has a setting in a remote Greek island not, however, exclusively peopled by Greeks. Miss Clift writes about a young Englishwoman visiting her sister, herself married to a rich Greek, and falling in love with one of the less dependable sponge fishermen of the local fleet. The colour, scents and atmosphere of the Greek scene are extraordinarily well conveyed and the novel, a little tragedy in perfect proportion, has a haunting quality.

**Children of Lucifer** by Dana Faralla: Gollancz. 21s, also has a Mediterranean background, this time the island of Corfu, in the early season before the tourists arrive, when the weather is slowly growing more and more hot and the sea and the land itself still seem to remember their early history of legend and fact. Nostalgic, beautifully written and with a fascination which is all its own.

**Trottie True** by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon: Michael Joseph. 16s, is a re-issue of one of the most enchanting stories produced by this inimitable partnership and is appearing at the same time, and at the same prices, as their *Six Curtains for Stroganova* and *You Were There*, all of them novels with the lightest possible touch and that air of fantasy which has to be brilliantly handled to be successful.

**Mr Three** by William Butler: Peter Owen. 21s, reveals a slightly nightmare world of international diplomacy in which, against a setting of New York, Central Africa and Moscow, an eccentric security official tries to enlist a negro agent and a bewildered African prime minister tries even harder to escape him. Civilised, slightly zany but intelligent.

**Sweetly Sings the Donkey** by Shelagh Delaney: Methuen. 15s, is the first collection

# EXECUTIVE AND LEGISLATURE

**The Lyndon Johnson Story** by Booth Mooney: The Bodley Head. 25s.

**Harold Wilson** by Dudley Smith: Robert Hale. 21s.

**Purpose in Politics,** *Selected Speeches by Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, P.C., O.B.E., MP:* Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

**Our Parliament** by Strathearn Gordon: Cassell. 30s.

**The Treasury** by Lord Bridges: Allen and Unwin. 30s.

**Gillies: Surgeon Extraordinary** by Reginald Pound: Michael Joseph. 30s.

On November 22, 1963 Lyndon Baines Johnson became 36th President of the United States after John Kennedy had met death at the hands of an assassin in the streets of Dallas, Texas. From now on, the 36th President will have countless biographers, and with less reason to write about him than Booth Mooney, who over the years has worked both for political opponents of L.B.J. and for the man himself. In *The Lyndon Johnson Story* we perceive a more many-sided figure than the newspapers at present reveal, a man who remembers his early days as a teacher and now points to education as a need "without which a person is defenceless in a complex industrialised society." The President's progressive views on civil rights also emerge strongly, not forgetting his concern for the less prosperous Americans. What a relief it is to get away from the image of the Texas cow-puncher President, and to learn that the man who has fallen heir to one of the world's top jobs has a long record of action allied to prudence and courage.

Looming larger every day on the political stage in Britain is Harold Wilson, a man whom political friend and foe alike want to know more about as he reaches towards the top and who, like Lyndon Johnson, has become heir to great authority following his leader's death. Wilson's biographer is Dudley Smith, a young Conservative back-bench MP, who asks us to accept this objective study as a guide to his potentialities for the highest office, an assessment of his claim to be Prime Minister. The glimpses of Wilson in action in Parliament, his daily clashes at the dispatch box, are vividly presented. The rest of the book is an informative and factual catalogue of Wilson's glittering career from council and grammar school through to the threshold of power, only marred by some final sentences bringing in the usual phrases about the glib tongue, political ingenuity, and party expediency that presumably cast enough doubt to make everything right with Mr Smith's own right-wing friends. Here is a good effort sadly marred by the biographer's own brand of expediency.

More helpful perhaps in assessing the stature of Harold Wilson is the collection of his speeches published under the title *Purpose in Politics*. Here is a collection with very much the New Frontier look, and well worth reading by politicians and people of all shades of opinion. One abiding factor and comforting thought that emerges from these pages is that here we have an economist mindful of Britain's vast industrial potential and eager to cherish it.

Strathearn Gordon's *Our Parliament* has been a popular favourite since its first publication nearly 20 years ago and now, brought up to date for election year, it makes its welcome re-appearance in new guise. In simple and forthright fashion it unfolds the chequered history of the two Houses, and incidentally those who see the Lords as a useless body, hopelessly out of date, will be astonished at the important contribution it makes to the annual legislative programme. Without the noble Lords, or a body like them, the faithful Commons would be sadly bogged down in detail.

The Right Hon. Lord Bridges is a distinguished

of short stories and heterogeneous pieces by the young playwright who gave us *A Taste of Honey*. The first half of the small volume is concerned with scenes familiar from Miss Delaney's childhood, Lancashire beaches and towns; the second part has more reference to her own experiences during her twenties when her writing had begun to open another kind of world and other countries to her. Fresh, independent and often written in a mood of compassion for those children or grown-ups who seem to be natural victims.

**The Venetian Affair** by Helen MacInnes: Collins. 21s, comes as a pleasant reminder that Miss MacInnes is still one of the very best creators of the pursuit story in a foreign setting carefully observed. Here she has written about a more or less footloose American, getting over the effects of a divorce from an unsuspectedly Communist wife and arriving in Paris to find himself instantly embroiled in spy plots and American government counterplots. The Venice part is good, too, and the characterisation as usual very credible and—with villainous exceptions—likeable.

**Like Love** by Ed McBain: Hamish Hamilton. 15s, is another detective thriller about police work in the 87th precinct of an unidentifiable American city. Fast moving, ingenious and including at least two admirable cops.

**Hammerhead** by James Mayo: Heinemann. 18s, is another thriller with a great deal of action and some scenes of torture which are no less than Bondworthy. Mr Mayo's resilient hero leaps about between Paris, the Riviera and Paris again, and demonstrates an intimate knowledge, topographical and social, of all the spots he visits. Quite exciting and one can always skip the grislier tortures. **Vernon Fane**

civil servant and a brave man. In his contribution on *The Treasury* to the New Whitehall Series he attempts to show this department of state in a new and glowing light, as a department brought up to date by new blood which has been steadily brought in to meet the changing needs of the nation. Lord Bridges is of course right in saying that there has been progress, but Treasury control, however necessary, still exercises a dead hand in the affairs of all the great public service departments, and most local government administrators, who have seen the Treasury axe descend with insensate force, will be swift to tell him so. As an exposition of the mechanism of government this is a fascinating record, and written with the clarity one would expect from a writer of the author's literary inheritance.

Sir Harold Gillies, the founder of modern plastic surgery, died four years ago, leaving behind a prodigious record of achievement, not least in the training of a new generation of surgeons. Reginald Pound's *Gillies: Surgeon Extraordinary* is a sincere and delightful biography of a man devoted to his career, but one also with the eccentricity of genius who regularly surprised and delighted those around him, and occasionally confounded them. Even before his death he was a legend in the medical world. **Richard Edmonds**

# WORLD THEATRE SEASON

LOUIS SEIGNER in the title role in Molière's *Tartuffe*, with which the Comédie Française from Paris opened the current World Theatre season at the Aldwych Theatre in the middle of last month. The season has been organised by the Governors of the Royal Shakespeare Company and by Peter Daubeny, the impresario, as part of the Shakespeare 400th anniversary celebrations. Sponsored by the *Sunday Telegraph*, it presents drama from seven nations. After *Tartuffe*, the Comédie Française performed *Un Fil à la Patte* (Feydeau). They were to be followed by the Schiller Theatre Company from West Berlin, paying its first visit to London with *Andorra* (Max Frisch), March 30 to April 1 and *Clavigo* (Goethe), April 2 to 4. The remainder of the season until the end of June is filled with plays by Peppino de Filippo's Italian Theatre Company; by the Abbey Theatre players from Dublin; the Polish Contemporary Theatre; the Greek Art Theatre and the Moscow Art Theatre. As all the plays are spoken in their original languages, simultaneous translations into English are made available in the theatre by means of short-wave wireless receivers.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

## LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **A. J. STEPHEN BROWN**

Mr. Stephen Brown has recently taken up his duties as President of the Engineering Employers' Federation. He has been Divisional Director of Stone-Platt Industries, Ltd., since 1958; Chairman of J. Stone and Co. (Holdings), Ltd. (one of their main subsidiaries), since 1959; he is also a director of Textile Machinery Makers, Ltd. (another of the main subsidiaries). Stone-Platt Industries are manufacturers of textile machinery, marine and railway specialities, and a wide range of mechanical, electrical and electronic equipment. Mr Stephen Brown is in addition a director of the Chloride Electrical Storage Co. and a member of the Export Council for Europe, of which body he was Joint Deputy Chairman until the end of last year. He was for some years Chairman of the Board of Governors of the South East London Technical College. Married with one son, one daughter and two grandchildren, he lives at Bolney, Sussex. His recreations are golf and shooting. His London club is the Junior Carlton

# PUBLIC TRANSPORT RIVALS

*by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent*

Three years ago, when the Government invited Dr Beeching in to do a drastic job of surgery on British Railways, it had to begin with a preliminary job of surgery itself—on the late British Transport Commission. Railways, the biggest piece of the carcass, had to be cut out and handed over to the Doctor. London Transport, which had never given up much of its individuality inside the nationalised transport colossus, had its independence of operation restored. The canals, with their dubious distinction of being the most obsolete form of transport even within the Commission, were put under a new Inland Waterways Board (which at present is holding out hopes of a commercial future for more of them than anyone imagined, though wise men will cross their fingers about this prophecy). The handling of Transport Commission docks, some needing heavy investment, was put under another specialised board. And all that was left was put in the charge of the Transport Holding Company.

There was a good deal left, and a highly mixed bag. It began with British Road Services, the large and prosperous " rump " of nationalised road haulage left after the re-sale, ten years ago, of a large part of the formerly nationalised road haulage system back to private ownership. (The private owners who bought back nurse great fears that Mr Wilson, if returned to power this year, will be bent on dragging their businesses back under BRS wings; but nobody is sure how.) At the other end of the Holding Company's spectrum there is Thomas Cook and Son Ltd., which remains probably still the largest British travel agent, even if its pre-eminence in the field has long been challenged by a cloud of smaller concerns.

The Holding Company also owns about the biggest stake in the provision of bus services in Britain; it has a stake in shipping, and is developing its interests in " roll-on roll-off " ferry services to the Continent and in container systems which allow rapid transhipment between different forms of transport. It has assets valued at about £175 million; its gross turnover in 1963 was of the order of £220 million; and its constituent companies employ about 120,000 people.

This is still basically a transport organisation. By road, its bus companies carry about 4,000 million passengers a year—four times the railway figure, though obviously for far shorter journeys. British Road Services is the largest single group in road haulage, moving a total traffic of about 300,000 vehicle miles a year: this is a growth industry, and though the advantages of scale in the business are probably not as great as used to be assumed, the fairly decentralised management ought to be able to keep it ahead of most others, regardless of Labour intentions.

The Transport Holding Company is thus a sizeable nationalised business, if a peculiarly variegated one. The most notable thing about it, though, is that it is a company. It is not a public board; it does not operate under the same sort of rules. Nor, incidentally, does it have quite the same sort of chairman.

Sir Philip Warter does not come from politics, the services or even industrial science, some of the preferred backgrounds for successful state industry bosses in Britain. He is a businessman from a highly successful entertainment business, Associated British films and television. It is true that Sir Philip has always seemed a somewhat austere figure for Wardour Street, a courteous, slightly withdrawn intellectual; but ABPC and ABC, under his leadership, have seldom come off second-best in the colourful hurly-burly of the film and television game. He has also long been passionately interested in the management problems of nationalised industry; from part-time membership, he took increasing responsibility as chairman of the Southern Region in the last years of the Transport Commission, and his approach to the job was one of the things in nationalised railways as then organised that most impressed the Stedeford Committee.

Nevertheless, his is a business approach; and the job of the Transport Holding Company is perhaps more unambiguously a business operation than that of almost any other state-owned company. It does not have statutory duties to "break even, taking one year with another," but is instructed to act as if it were a company engaged in commercial enterprise. Its purpose is to make as much profit as it can out of the 70 companies that are included in it. It will pass back an agreed "dividend" from these profits to the Exchequer but not all of them.

As Sir Philip said in a recent lecture: " We are a strange animal, even a peculiar animal, and indeed something of an experiment in the world of nationally owned undertakings." The strange animal last year achieved profits of over £12·5 million (excluding amounts ploughed back by its subsidiaries) on its loan capital, about £125 million (this was the part of the Transport Commission capital debt apportioned to it when the Government broke up the Commission). This happened to be the best year for earnings of all its companies put together, though the mixture includes some that are probably declining along with the obvious growth sectors.

None of the company's subsidiaries has a monopoly in its own field, which again distinguishes it from other nationalised industry. Each is being run competitively; and is indeed encouraged to join the main industrial organisations of the industry concerned (with some exceptions: BRS would not be welcome inside a Road Haulage Association campaigning bitterly against the extension of state-owned road haulage). " All the constituent companies of the Holding Company," said Sir Philip, " whatever their field and function, have been given a rather greater freedom, and certainly they have all been encouraged to regard themselves primarily as parts of the industries to which they belong."



This does not wholly protect the organisation from problems of public utility operation—notably in the bus services. On the one side, some of its constituent companies face the competition of new large regional authorities that may wish to extend their local transport undertakings—and possibly swallow up many of the remunerative services into towns and cities out of which THC's bus companies are accustomed to take care of their pretty uneconomic rural bus services. On the other, Dr Beeching's slashing of rural train services is throwing more work onto the bus services in large and remote rural areas. Sir Philip does not appear too disturbed by this; so far as Scotland is concerned, he has said that he feels able to take on all the former railway business without any kind of subsidy.

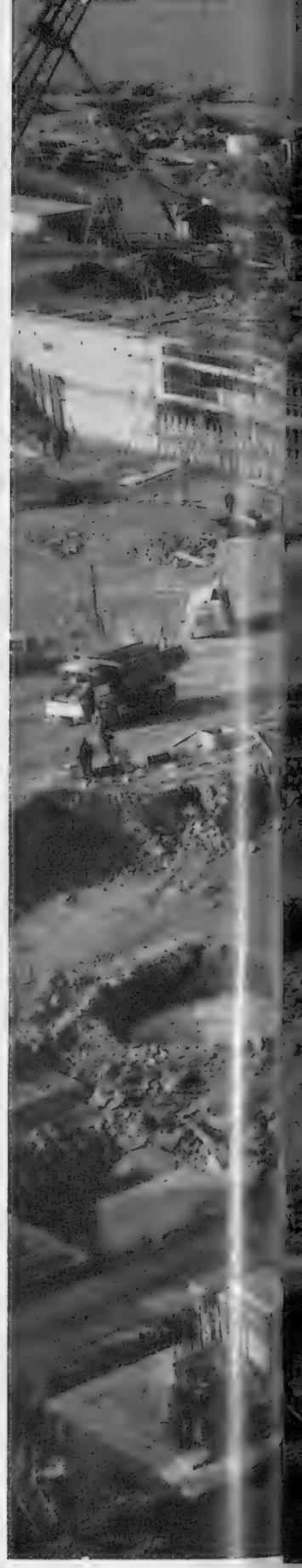
This experiment in running a slice of nationalised industry on simply commercial criteria has been in operation only just over a year now. It has not yet encountered any of the political pressures that larger and differently organised state industries have long had to contend with; nor, yet, has it needed to seek approval for further flexing of its commercial muscles. " A due proportion of our profits must be ploughed back," as Sir Philip puts it. " We must be allowed the usual defensive/offensive re-arrangements of our portfolio as necessary; our vehicle programmes must not be held up . . . we must look for interchanges of shareholdings occasionally. . . . In brief, so long as we are making the profit, we must be allowed to live commercial lives in a commercial atmosphere." Will politicians—of all colours—accept the self-denying ordinance implicit for them in this stipulation?

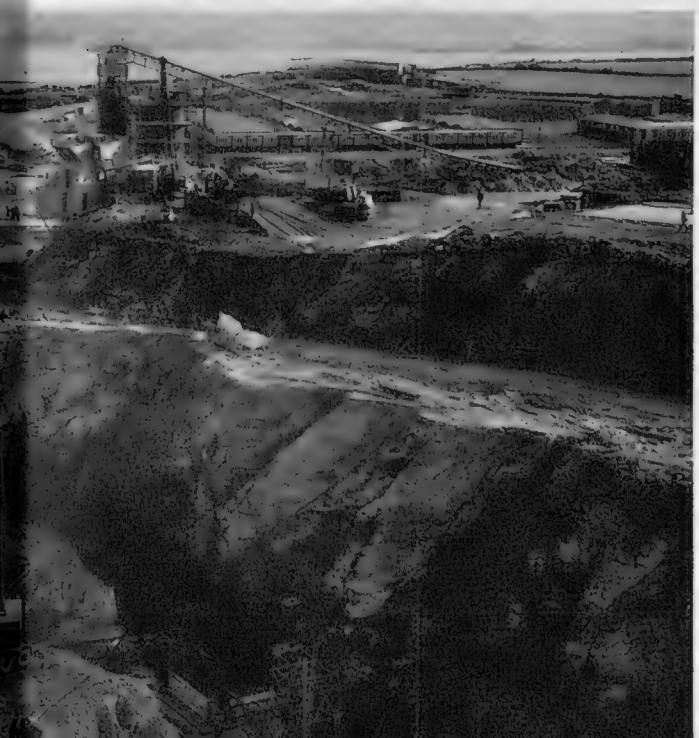
The construction of the Wylfa nuclear station by the Central Electricity Generating Board in Anglesey has led British Railways to build new railway sidings at Valley near Holyhead. Roads have had to be widened in the area to cope with extra traffic to the site. *Further pictures of Wylfa and Sizewell Nuclear Power Stations are also on the following pages*

# SITES FOR NUCLEAR POWER

30 The sixth and eighth stations in the Central Electricity Generating Board's programme for nuclear power are located at Sizewell in Suffolk and at Wylfa Head in the island of Anglesey off the north Welsh coast. Of the two, Sizewell is the more advanced; the first of the two nuclear reactors there is due to 'go critical' early in 1965. But it has less than half the capacity of the station at Wylfa, where construction work is still at an early stage. The Wylfa power station is one of the most powerful ever designed, having a planned output that will be contributing 1,180 megawatts to the national grid when it is completed in 1968. The capital cost of about £90 a kilowatt is the lowest yet achieved for any station in the UK nuclear power programme. The contracts for the work at Wylfa—worth all told £100 million—have been placed in the hands of the Atomic Power Group, a consortium of English Electric, Babcock & Wilcox and Taylor Woodrow, that was formed in 1955 to undertake this kind of work. The group is one of three consortia that are engaged in building nuclear power stations to meet the UK target of 5,000 megawatts by 1968. Substantial sub-contracts for plant to be installed at the Wylfa power station have been placed with engineering firms in the north east. In the construction Taylor Woodrow have developed a technique for prestressing the two spherical pressure vessels that are to contain the nuclear cores. This is to allow for a higher pressure of the carbon dioxide gas which transfers heat from the cores to the boilers

**Right:** A close-up of the mobile gantry crane and framework of a half-completed spherical pressure vessel at the site for the nuclear power station at Wylfa Head in Anglesey
**Below:** In front is the site for the No. 2 reactor





**Above:** The foundations of the reactor equipment building and the excavations for the pumphouse at Wylfa Head. The nuclear power station project involves massive earthworks. A million tons of rock have to be excavated for it

**Centre left:** Part of the Wylfa site showing excavations for the building where four steam turbines will eventually be installed

**Left:** A 200 ton crane erected at Holyhead to enable heavy loads to be loaded on to ships for transport to Anglesey. The island is connected with the mainland by the Menai suspension road bridge built in 1825 and by the Britannia Tubular Railway Bridge built in 1850. Both these bridges have limitations which prevent them being used for the transport of heavy parts for the nuclear power station at Wylfa, so sea transport and new harbour arrangements have been employed instead

*(pictures of Sizewell are on the next page)*

# SITES FOR NUCLEAR POWER *continued from page 31*

**Above:** The superstructure for the No. 2 reactor at the CEGB's nuclear power station at Sizewell on the Suffolk coast is nearly complete. The entire reactor building should be clad and weather-proofed by the end of April. The station is scheduled to produce electricity for the national grid by the summer of next year. Its construction by the Atomic Power Group of English Electric, Babcock & Wilcox and Taylor Woodrow, began in April, 1961

**Right:** This view of the power station at Sizewell from the sea shows that the silhouette as it will be is very nearly complete. The turbine hall is on the left and the 193-ft. high No. 1 reactor building is on the right. Two of the intake tunnels and one discharge tunnel carrying cooling water from the North Sea have already been finished and flooded. The four pumps that are to circulate the water are ready to operate: they will handle 27 million gallons of water an hour

## INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

*by The Sphere*
*City Correspondent*

# HEATING SWITCH

Who gets hurt by a mild winter? The obvious answer would be, all the heater-makers. But one of the most striking things at the moment about the Stock Market is the contrast between the electric-fire manufacturers, whose shares have come crashing down, and the specialists in gas, paraffin and other fuels, whose sparkling results and forecasts have pushed them in several cases up to their all-time peak.

Partly this can be explained by the differences in installation methods. Gas convectors and oil-fired central-heating systems all need men to come and fix them, so householders tended to make their purchases last summer and autumn, while the memory of 1963's blizzards, power-cuts and discomfort was still strong upon them. But electric fires are much more an impulse buy—you feel a cold draught, rush out, purchase a fan-heater or a cheap radiant bar, and plug it straight into the Electricity Council's overloaded system.

To some extent, therefore, the swings and roundabouts even themselves out. But there are more fundamental reasons why gas and oil should remain on the upgrade for some time to come, while electricity, despite all its advantages of cleanness and convenience, continues in disarray.

A primary one, of course, is the relative trend in the prices of the various fuels. Gas, after years in the doldrums, and dependence on the ever-rising cost of coal, has suddenly moved into a new era, where methane from the Sahara, natural gas from Holland, and the economical burning of heavy-oils, promise to hold the cost down for a long time ahead. Similarly, oil itself is in a period of world glut. But electricity, where a huge crash programme of new power stations—to catch up with the under-estimates of demand made in the mid-1950's—can only push the bills up.

Second, and equally important, the gas and paraffin appliance industries after, in one case, a long decline and, in the other, the near-crippling oil-heater scare of 1960, are in far leaner, tougher, competitive condition than some of their electrical colleagues, soft after many years of easy life.

In both gas and paraffin there are probably not more than half-a-dozen important firms, making a small, proved range of designs. But in electric fires—lumping wall, portable and fan types all together—there are no fewer than 1,021 different styles and patterns on sale, made by 112 assorted manufacturers. And although these include some of the biggest and best-known firms in the business—GEC, AEI, Philips, EMI's Morphy-Richards subsidiary—none of them has more than a tiny share of the total market, and nowhere near enough to reap the advantages of economies of scale.

Dimplex and Berry's Electric Magicoal, both of which have been among the favourite growth shares of the last few years, grew up as specialists in one particular form of heater, and are now trying to diversify into other products, and finding the going hard. But Dimplex, now down to 8s 3d, to yield a more-than-twice-covered 4·7 per cent., have dropped by almost a third since the chairman announced a 15-20 per cent. set-back in sales, and may soon start looking cheap.

It could switch to paraffin, however, and here Valor, one of the biggest, and hardest hit, of the oil-stove makers, has made a particularly bold and fighting recovery. Realising that one of the problems of heater-making is its seasonal-ness, they have added a promising range of garden furniture and accessories, which use the same labour-force and much of the same machinery, when heaters are not required. And, double-banking, they have extended substantially into central-heating, and into plumbers' brassware.

In gas itself there are several pace-makers. Sidney Flavel, with the Debonair fire (now often mentioned in estate-agents' advertisements as a plus-point for a house) has probably had the most successful single design. But Cannon (Holdings), with several of the brightest ideas (the Gas-Miser, the fold-away grill and spit, and so on) to their credit, and a flourishing chemical engineering side as a cushion against switches in consumer taste, look to have, perhaps, even greater prospects. Both these shares have come back quite a way in the last month and both look distinctly attractive at present prices.

A third possibility is Parkinson Cowan, with a foot in both camps—electric night-storage and industrial heating, as well as its well-known range of gas heaters and cookers. It has the lowest current yield of the trio, but on the other hand, at a price which is only seven and a half times last year's earnings, buyers can hardly claim they are being over-charged. And if there is one thing certain in British climatic history, it is that pleasant winters rarely repeat themselves.

**The market in warmth**

| | Price | | Yield | Times |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | s | d | % | Covered |
| Dimplex .. | 8 | 3 | 4·7 | 2·2 |
| Valor .. | 29 | 0 | 3·5 | 1·7 |
| S. Flavel .. | 30 | 0 | 4·6 | 2·4 |
| Cannon .. | 92 | 0 | 3·8 | 5·0 |
| Parkinson Cowan .. | 55 | 9 | 3·5 | 3·7 |

## COMPANY MEETING REPORT:

# TATE & LYLE, LIMITED

### Pre-tax Profits in 1963 of £9½m

### Sir Ian Lyle on continued Expansion of Home and Export Trade



The 61st annual general meeting of Tate and Lyle, Limited was held on March 25, in London.

Sir Ian D. Lyle, chairman of the company, presided.

" Nineteen-hundred-and-sixty-three was another year of wildly fluctuating raw sugar prices," said Sir Ian. " A year ago the world price was £62 per ton. It had risen from £20. It has twice reached £100 since with an intervening dip to less than £50. It is now £62 again."

This, he explained, resulted from the small size of the world market which controls only 17 per cent. of world production, the rest being sold at negotiated prices. World shortage and surpluses thus had an exaggerated effect on price, which was not in the long term interest of the industry. Exasperation to consumers far outweighed any short term advantage to traders.

The effect on prices at home was unfortunate. These are made up of the world price at which the Sugar Board sells to refiners and the levy or distribution payment on imported sugars, the latter being necessary to balance the Sugar Board's operations in buying at negotiated prices and selling at world prices.

As 90 per cent. of Britain's needs are acquired at negotiated prices, the result of the Sugar Board's operations should produce a steady price, only affected by world price fluctuations in the remaining 10 per cent. But with large world price movements the mechanism for varying the levy couldn't always be applied quickly enough to prevent price fluctuations in shops. Improvements had been introduced to correct the worst features, but there was still more movement than he liked.

World supply in 1962 was 3 million tons short of demand, and production in 1963 didn't overtake the shortage. World stocks were two-thirds of normal, so continuing high prices could be expected. Demand was growing by 2 million tons a year. Much rested on the Cuban crop which had dropped by a third over the last few years. Without sharp recovery it might take some years to return to normal.

#### PROFIT ANALYSIS

Sir Ian described the company's operations as divided between sugar refining in UK, Canada and Rhodesia; production in the West Indies, Rhodesia and Canada; and shipping, lighterage and transport services. " In 1963," he said, " 58 per cent. of our profits were earned by refining; 32 per cent. by production; 9 per cent. by shipping services; 1 per cent. by other activities."

High prices, he said, should not affect home trade refining, but they produce a favourable climate for export. They also favourably affect sugar producing activities.

Home trade was 6 per cent. up on 1962 and had benefited from smaller imports of foreign refined sugar, due to smaller surpluses in Communist countries and France. The company had met 57 per cent. of UK requirements from its refineries in Greenock, Liverpool and London, profit per ton being slightly lower than last year.

Export tonnage increased by 27 per cent., representing 20 per cent. of total output.

#### OVERSEAS

Canadian sales increased by 3 per cent. but high prices, though favouring results from a production of 26,000 tons of beet sugar, had a bad effect on refining results.

Production in Jamaica and Trinidad was 383,000 tons.

A raw sugar producing company in British Honduras—the Corozal Sugar Factory Limited—had been acquired. Its prospects were good and it was hoped to expand last year's production of 28,000 tons and to share in the USA market.

Investment in the Rhodesias consists of raw sugar and refining enterprises. With the ending of the Federation, finances of the undertakings in the two territories are being separated. In Northern Rhodesia a new company is being formed to own the refinery at Ndola. In Southern Rhodesia expansion in sugar production is taking place in which the company participates through a 10 per cent. holding in Hippo Valley Estates and by acting as consultants in the erection of their new factory, the contract for which was obtained by the subsidiary, A. and W. Smith.

Other profitable activities are being pursued elsewhere in Africa—at Chirundu, Bulawayo and Salisbury, and the company has important markets in Nigeria and Ghana.

Another important export market is Norway, where a sales company, Tate and Lyle (Norway) has been established.

The Group has assets of over £82 million. Profits last year reached £9½ million before tax, and Sir Ian, thanking all who have contributed to these results, said: " I think the future holds great promise."

Resolutions were passed increasing the authorised Capital of the company to £30,800,000 by the creation of a further 8,400,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each (on issue to be converted into Ordinary Stock) and sanctioning the capitalisation of £8,470,000 out of reserves for a two-for-five scrip issue.

The Report and Accounts were adopted and the dividends, as recommended, were approved.

# GOOD LIVING

*by Ganymede*

One tends to have preconceived ideas based on mistaken generalisation about Trust Houses, especially the smaller country establishments. While the image of this old-established organisation which controls over 200 hotels and inns has brightened considerably by newly constructed hotels and take-overs in the upper brackets recently, one cannot help thinking of their average country pub in the old terms. Cleanliness, a satisfactory minimum standard of comfort, a fair list of wines, reliable and sufficient food at reasonable prices, overall good value, have always been their characteristics. Beyond that it would be unwise to expect too much. The impression I had until recently, probably unfounded, was that the managers of all these houses had to conform to standards laid down by head office.

I was rudely shaken in my views when I revisited, after an interval of more years than I care to remember, The Bull at Long Melford the other day. The old inn still has its 15th century charm, and the new wing built last year containing a new dining room and a set of luxurious bedrooms fits in perfectly with the original architecture. Inside central heating now augments and completes the warmth generated by log fires of gigantic proportions in the many public rooms.

My first shock came when I saw the Manager. Mr Gough is so totally different to my preconceived picture; he is tall, well built, extrovert and, *horribile dictu*, has a beard. He also has a good helping of that special charm so valuable in his profession.

The first sight of the menu—one orders in the bar or lounge, this gives them time in the kitchen to cook your meal—was the next surprise. It contained several imaginative and exciting specialities, some classic and some original dishes lovingly created by the chef, Mr Brian Harrison. From my conversations with them as well as from my happy experiences in the dining room I concluded that there was a most enthusiastic interest in good food shared between manager and chef. The main course for our first meal was Scampi à la Romanoff, a delicious creation in which the scampi are cooked in white wine with onions, tomatoes, garlic and horseradish. I preceded this with a first-class piece of smoked eel. The menu is arranged in such a way that the main dish determines the cost of the three courses. There are also some other dishes listed which are charged extra in addition, my smoked eel was one of those. The wine I chose with this lunch was a French bottled Chablis Ier Cru 1961, price 14s 6d the half bottle.

For dinner we chose one of the most popular (I was told) specialities of the house which often figures on the menu: Crèpes de Fruits de Mer, a pancake filled with lobster, sole, scampi and prawns cooked in sherry and cream, and the whole coated with Sauce Mornay, as a fish course. This we followed with a superb version of Caneton Montmorency (duckling with cherries and sauce). As a matter of interest, the three-course meal with this as the main dish is priced at 19s 6d, but our first course was an extra. The helpings of both dishes were so generous that we had no room left for pudding, after the vast pancake and half a duck with vegetables. We shared two wines (half bottles), a Pouilly Fuissé (8s 9d) and a 1955 Pontet Canet (11s). Not only were these excellent value for money, but they were served perfectly, with no hint of the abominable cradle for the claret.

The new dining room is in excellent taste, and at night particularly pleasant. The lighting strikes the happy medium between the unfriendly glare and poky obscurity which deprives the eater of seeing his food. I understand that Mr Gough is a bit of a rebel, for he departed from the traditions of his organisation when he changed the style of the cooking at The Bull. This is, however, a clear case of the proof of the pudding. . . . The news of his courage must have spread, for The Bull was packed with contented diners that evening, and tables must be booked days in advance.

**Above:** The Roebuck Hotel at Buckhurst Hill, Essex, stands opposite the local cricket ground on the highest point in Epping Forest, ten miles from London. As well as catering for visitors to the neighbourhood, it is used by holiday-makers from overseas who do not wish to stay in central London. For local people, the hotel provides attractive surroundings for lunch and dinner, for recently the dining room, lounges and bar have been redesigned. The ballroom has seating accommodation for 150 people. Originally, the house, which dates from the 18th century, had extensive pleasure gardens where swings and roundabouts were set up during the summer. Only a part of the old inn remains in the present building which forms part of the Trust House group

**Right:** The dining room of The Bull Hotel at Long Melford, Suffolk. The house has been an inn since 1570

# MIDLANDS MATTERS *by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent*

Midlanders are strongly represented on the Machine Tools Committee—one of the first five to be set up by the National Economic Development Council. Both Mr S. A. Roberts, chairman and managing director of BSA Tools, and Mr B. C. H rrison, managing director of Alfred Herbert, have a wide-ranging experience not only in the manufacture of semi-standard and sophisticated machines but also in the import of specialised machines from abroad—likely to be one of the more delicate subjects under discussion.

Mr A. Bottomley, regional officer of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, is an articulate and shrewd trade union officer with a solid background of dealing with the more human problems of the industry in Coventry among such companies as Alfred Herbert, Coventry Gauge and Tool, Wickmans, and others. And as president of the Machine Tool Trades Association Mr J. G. Petter, vice-chairman of Cincinnati Milling Machines, can be expected to occupy a somewhat middle position, though, one would suspect, with a strong bias towards quickening the pace of development.

Recently I was at the Birmingham works of Cincinnati to see the first demonstrations—given to more than 800 senior executives from all over the country during an intensive fortnight—of two new machines from the parent American company. By using the system of numerical control, these machines carry out every part of an operation automatically by means of a punched tape fed into a control console—and they do it at quite remarkable savings in time and labour, and therefore money. Though British manufacturers are developing these types of machine and can offer them, demand lags way behind that of America where, I was told, firms employing only ten men are buying them.

**Birmingham computer service for the USA**

Birmingham has added another—and a unique—export to its long list. Computer Services (Birmingham), the largest data processing bureau of its kind in Europe, which was largely built up by Miss Marion Murtagh, is selling time to American companies. American customers send data they want converted into punched cards and magnetic tape to Birmingham, and they get it back by jetliner in 48 hours at New York. The factor that makes this expanding dollar export business attractive to them is that labour costs here are lower. To speed the export service the bureau has recently opened another centre at Shannon Airport in Eire, which now employs 70—a quarter of the number who work in the Birmingham centre.

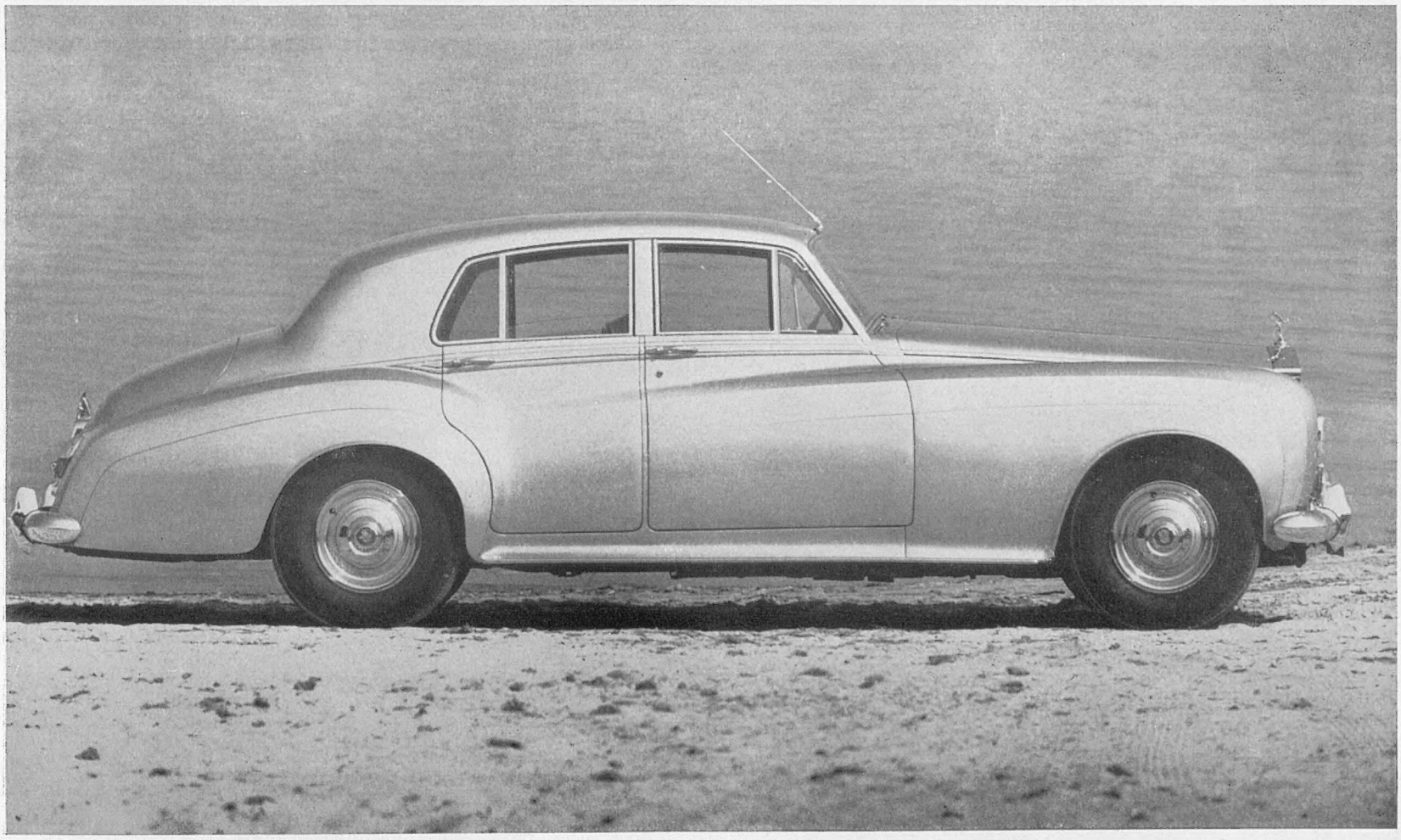
The next stage in the development of the bureau is the installation of a £1 million Remington-Rand Univac 1107 computer capable, I was told, of doing the entire payroll of the United Kingdom in three days and nights. It is believed it will be the first such computer in Britain, though the Royal Air Force is known to have ordered one. It should, indeed, already have been installed, but there has been a six-months' delivery delay, and it will now be towards the end of the summer before it arrives. The new computer service is expected to operate on a 160-hour four-shift week with two consultants, two senior programmers for the scheduling of the work on to the machine, five " handlers " of tape units and three engineers per shift.

**Bass canister plant** 

A visit to Bass-Worthington's £1,500,000 new canister plant at Burton-on-Trent the other day once again impressed me with the speed at which beer making is becoming automated. Huge vats, miles of vari-coloured pipes, conveyorised and automatic sterilising lines for the canisters—and only a handful of operatives to be seen in the whole building. Associated with the plant is a mechanical handling bay for moving the canisters—the aluminium steel barrels that are rapidly taking the place of the old wooden barrels—from stores to lorries. This again will cost £1,500,000, and when completed the five lines will be operated by two men at consoles.

In the face of the steady trend towards pressurised beer—it now accounts for about ten per cent. of the national brew—I was glad to have an assurance from Mr A. G. Manners, deputy chairman of the Bass, Mitchells and Butlers group, that there is still nothing to beat draught beer straight from the wood. Pressurised beers lose something of the depth of " palate " on the way to the containers.

Unfortunately, quite apart from economics, one of the things making it difficult to brew even a declining output of beer-from-the-wood is the difficulty of getting smellers. The only way to tell whether a wooden cask is in prime condition after the cleaning process is by nose. And too few can be found these days to earn a sniffing living. It reminds me of another industry where the nose is all-important. At one of the biggest bakeries in the country I was taken round the egg-cracking plant, where hundreds of thousands of eggs have to be cracked by hand and individually smelt.



The Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III Saloon has an 8-cylinder 6,230 c.c. aluminium engine. See Courtenay Edwards on a " New look at Rolls-Royce motoring ", page 36

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# ACCIDENTS: THE HUMAN FACTOR

36 There is much good sense in the report of the RAC road safety working party which was published recently after several months of active investigation. I think the working party hit the nail bang on the head when it declared that by far the most important source of accidents is the human factor. " It is to this that attention must be primarily directed " says the working party, " if any early and appreciable improvement is to be achieved."

The report contains a ten point safety plan for Britain's roads and the RAC has called for urgent and official action on that. This ten point plan calls for such things as an extension of the use of courtesy cops, more and better roads, a national scheme to enable young drivers to get extra tuition and traffic education at schools, the employment by local authorities of qualified traffic engineers, a review of the Ministry of Transport's driving test, stricter enforcement of the more sensible road safety laws and the encouragement of better lane discipline.

A glance at this list goes to show once again that the problem of road accidents cannot be solved by one sovereign remedy. It is a multi-sided problem which has to be attacked from as many different directions. There is no panacea for this terrible carnage on the roads.

The RAC's working party was presided over by Wilfrid Andrews, chairman of the RAC, who said in a commentary on the report: " We have all listened to the cranks and bigots. Now, the time has come for a realistic appraisal and this must be followed by quick action."

One point strongly made by the report is that, generally speaking, enforcement of motoring law is ineffective because many speed limits are needlessly restricted and therefore are virtually unenforceable; also, of course, because there are insufficient traffic police. " It is our view that legal requirements that are not regularly enforced may do more harm than good and that selfish and inconsiderate driving if unchecked is only too likely to spread." In advocating the employment of highly trained mobile police in numbers large enough to ensure effective supervision, the RAC suggests that motor-cycles should be used rather than cars, because they can be more easily seen and can more easily thread their way through traffic.

The working party is continuing its study of road safety problems and later on will be making further recommendations on other aspects of the subject.

### New look at Rolls-Royce motoring

I think the Rolls-Royce company deserve congratulations on their new, distinctive brochure to which they have given the title " A New Look at Rolls-Royce Motoring."

It has been written mainly by Tony Brooks, former racing driver and dentist, who is now chiefly occupied as a garage owner and motoring journalist. In this attractive brochure Brooks describes how he put a Silver Cloud Mark III through rigorous acceleration and braking tests at the Goodwood motor racing circuit at Sussex, and later made a marathon, almost non-stop, journey from Le Touquet to Cap Ferrat—a distance of 739 miles—in an elapsed time of 16 hours. He was motoring for 14 hours of this period. He left Le Touquet at 7.27 a.m. and pulled up at Cap Ferrat at just after 11.30 the same night.

That is a longer distance than most motorists are prepared to drive in a day, even in a Rolls Royce, but both Tony Brooks and his wife affirmed that they had finished much shorter journeys feeling far more tired. Tony highly praises many aspects of the performance of this luxurious motor car which has a top speed of around 115 m.p.h., is powered by a V-8 engine of 6,230 c.c. and costs £5,517 including tax. Brooks particularly praises the overriding control of the four-speed automatic gearbox and the car's ventilating system. " As a big luxury car that can nevertheless be driven in a highly sporting manner there is nothing quite like it " is Tony's verdict. But the ex-racing driver does not confine himself with pleasant flattery. An outstanding feature of the brochure is a question and answer report of an interview he had after driving the Silver Cloud for a total of 2,700 miles with Mr S. H. Grylls, chief engineer of the Rolls-Royce car division.

When he criticised the rather jerky change-down from third to second gear Mr Grylls answered: " This is the biggest unsolved problem in our particular form of automatic transmission." Mr Grylls added that Rolls-Royce had retained a stepped transmission having the least possible slip because they thought this was most suitable to motoring in Europe. Brooks also complained of the car's rather noisy tick-over. Harry Grylls replied that it was inherently more difficult to avoid this with an aluminium engine and so far they had not found a satisfactory answer. When Brooks said he thought the steering was needlessly low-geared, the chief engineer said they themselves thought the ratio was the best possible compromise. Mr Grylls admitted that disc brakes—which have so far not been adopted by Rolls-Royce—have advantages over conventional drum brakes. " But," he said " *our* drum brakes are far from conventional. The arrangement of trailing shoes at the front and equal-wearing shoes at the rear is less temperature-sensitive than disc brakes. When you combine this with heavy ribbing of the brake drums, a very large brake-lining area and specially developed linings, brake fade has ceased to be a problem."

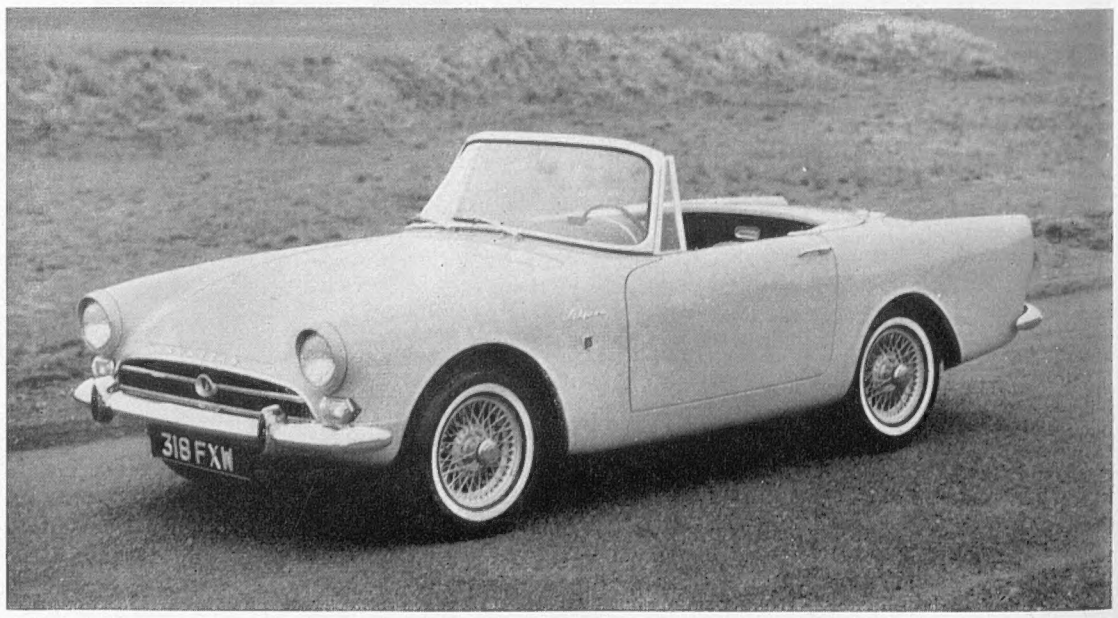
### More two-pedal motoring

Automatic transmission is growing in popularity all the time. And the number of addicts of two-pedal motoring is certain to increase spectacularly now that British motorists are able to buy, with automatic transmission, cars of less than £1,000 including tax and with engines around the 1½-litre mark.

Two models which come into this category and which I have recently had a chance of testing are the 1964 version of the Alpine two-seater and the Ford Corsair. Both used the Model 35 Borg-Warner gearbox. In the case of the Alpine it costs £91 extra, and increases the price of the GT model to £991.

Ford of Britain charge rather less for the automatic option—£82—and the four-door de luxe saloon version of the Corsair which I tested costs, with this refinement, £783. But you *can* get a Ford with automatic transmission for as little as £686 including tax. I refer to the two-door Cortina, which is the cheapest British car available with automatic transmission.

The Corsair's 1,498 c.c. engine with its five-bearing crankshaft seems well suited to the use of an automatic gearbox and I enjoyed driving this two-pedal car. Changes up and down were made quite smoothly as long as the car was driven intelligently and after a check-up which I must confess was not very precise, I formed the opinion that automatic transmission had only a marginal effect on the performance and m.p.g. figures of the Corsair. On balance I think the Model 35 Borg-Warner box is better suited to this family saloon than to the Alpine GT two-seater, which sometimes gave me the impression that a lot of the car's power was going to waste through the " slip " of the fluid coupling.




The 1964 Sunbeam Alpine has a 1,592 c.c. engine and can be fitted with a Model 35 Borg-Warner gearbox

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# IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

**ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY**

*Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

SPRINGTIME is all too short in Britain. All the more reason then for seeking out hotels where bird watchers, country and garden lovers will appreciate life stirring anew. At this period of the year, valleys and combes, dales and dells must take precedence over surf, sands and open marine views.

Here then are some hotels, where in the past we have witnessed spring's awakening and where we know hotel standards are consistently good.

No one could wish for a more delightful spring setting than the *Manor House Hotel* in that much-photographed village of Castle Combe, Wiltshire.

Set in an atmosphere of wooded hills, the ornamental gardens, laid out by an Italian landscape gardener are still a source of delight, a trout stream lies only 200 yards from one's mullioned bedroom window, while for strolling or energetic walking, bridle paths and winding paths surround the estate. Within the house Mrs Roger Allen gives expression to the seasons, fresh flowers, fruit and vegetables from the Manor gardens and as food and wine standards are high, every meal has its interest. *Fully licensed. The inclusive terms are from* 65*s to* 85*s daily. The accommodation consists of* 12 *double and five single bedrooms with five private bathrooms. Luncheon* 12*s* 6*d. A.T.* 4*s* 6*d. D.* 21*s. It's best to make prior reservations. Tel.* 206.

Perhaps you have a yearning to spend a spring holiday at an old Inn? Let us introduce you to *Ye Olde Masons Arms* at Branscombe in South Devon. Set in completely rural surroundings, yet only ten minutes' walk across the fields to the sea is this lovable 14th-century house. All around, long-stalked primroses and other wild flowers besprinkle the high banked lanes. Within, Mr and Mrs G. H. Wilkinson are well known nationally for their high standards. So omit this inn from your consideration if you are on a diet. Their fresh sea food, home-made pâté and spring ducklings are far too tempting to resist. A free house (that is, not tied to any one brewer). *Weekly terms run from* 14 *gns. Accommodation:* 12 *double bedrooms, five single and three private bathrooms. Tel.* 235 *and* 300.

Last year, in blossom time, we visited the richly beautiful Teme valley and, on the A443 Tenbury/Worcester, drove up through the entrance gates of the *Elms Hotel,* Abberley. The blossom of this valley was sometimes quite unforgettable. A little earlier we would have seen the grass verges of the hotel drive ablaze with daffodils. Though a somewhat formal mansion without, there is a homely atmosphere within. Indeed, Mr and Mrs J. B. Morton have built up a considerable reputation both locally and overseas for honest fare and a friendly environment, while its central location for the Shakespeare Country, Wye Valley and the Malverns annually attracts spring holidaymakers. *Fully licensed, inclusive terms run from* 14 *gns. Accommodation: nine double bedrooms, six single—four with private bath. Tel. Great Witley* 231.

Another district we happened on in the springtime was the Constable Country. Sometimes in Essex, sometimes in Suffolk, we hugged the king-cupped dappled Stour. Admittedly our scenic pleasures were to some extent overshadowed by the gastronomic joys we experienced at the *Dedham Vale Hotel* and *Le Talbooth Hotel* (the former just off and the latter at the foot of Gunhill on the Colchester/Ipswich road) and the *Nethergate Hotel* at Clare in Suffolk some 25 miles north-west. All three hotels are linked with the Milson Family—father and mother personally running *Dedham Vale Hotel,* son Gerald and his wife at the helm at *Le Talbooth* while their married daughter and her husband, Mr and Mrs Michael Slade own *Nethergate*—each hotel is run entirely separately but each has a common interest, a profound understanding of food and wine. The telephone numbers for chance meals or accommodation are *Dedham Vale Hotel,* Tel. 2273; *Le Talbooth,* Tel. Dedham 3150; and *Nethergate,* Tel. Clare 279.

For those living in or around London there is really no need to journey far to enjoy the freshness of spring. Forty-six miles from London, near the foot of the South Downs, lies Storrington and *Abingworth Hall Hotel,* a country mansion with entrance gates on the B2139 road that turns from Coolham to Storrington. The setting is delightful. Sloping lawns lead to a lake, an herbaceous walk provides a fine vista of Chanctonbury Ring. Seven acres of grounds embrace tennis courts, putting green and ample space for youngsters to let off steam. Within 2½ miles is the West Sussex Golf Club and at Worthing, 11 miles, the sea. *Licensed. Weekly terms run from* 8/13½ *gns. There are* 21 *double rooms and* 15 *single and, of course, a games room and television. Tel. West Chiltington* 2257.

One place we have set our hearts on, to stay at in springtime, is *Ard-na-Sidhe* (pronounced Ard-na-Shee) overlooking Caragh Lake in Co. Kerry, Southern Ireland—a strictly private hotel in that meals are not available to outside guests. One can be assured here, not only of peace, quiet and opulent living, but grounds comprising a veritable fairyland of Japanese and wild gardens, a riot of colour in the springtime. Beyond are the waters of the Lake and as an everlasting back curtain the blue-veiled Kerry mountains. Ard-na-Sidhe is Gaelic for " The hill of the fairies."

We are going to end on a town note and some readers having experience of the wind-swept Stray at Harrogate may raise their eyebrows at our including this Yorkshire resort in our spring collection.

We have done so deliberately because we have ever admired the enterprise and maintenance of their Valley Gardens where, thanks to sheltered walks and skilled labour, spring, even if it may be a week or so late, never fails to provide daily matinees of colour.

Facing these Valley Gardens are a number of hotels but we have been so content with the 50-bedroomed *Russell* that we have no need to look elsewhere. Here Avis and Joan Bown have set a standard of efficient hotel keeping peculiarly their own, and so sunny is the position, so spotlessly clean is everything within, that there is a perpetual air of spring whatever the weather may be without. *Unlicensed. Daily terms are from* 37*s* 6*d. Tel.* 3134.


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